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New Wave of Violence in Films
Philatelists Search for Methodist Gold
'I'm Through With Church Work!'

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Young cyclists race for senior citizens' benefit [see Preacher Bob's Cycle Club, page 30].

Bangla Desh: A Challenge



A Bengali woman guards her few possessions under a tarpaulin-draped shelter, erected atop the rubble that once was her home.

By PATRICIA AFZAL
Associate Editor, *Together*

BANGLA DESH, the infant nation born from the ruptures of the 1971 India-Pakistan war, has become a challenge to the Christian world. It is a country where more than 10 million people wander homelessly, numbed by the pains of starvation, often weak from disease, and paralyzed by the magnitude of the devastation brought upon their land.

United Methodists, responding to a special Bishops' Appeal made last January, have contributed more than \$1.2 million for relief and rehabilitation programs in Bangla Desh. Efforts currently under way include the rebuilding and reopening of village schools, the construction of about 50,000 new homes, and emergency inoculations to prevent the spread of cholera and smallpox. Other programs supply high-protein food, underwrite the work of a facility making orthopedic equipment, and

o All Christians



United Methodist contributions are helping to build clinics, schools, and houses like this one in war-ravaged Bangla Desh.

furnish oxen, plows, and seed for food cultivation.

Because virtually all the country's extensive network of bridges, railways, and roads was destroyed, programs have provided six new ships to aid in restoring communications and also established airlifts to parachute emergency supplies and clothing to thousands of isolated areas. Probably the greatest asset to the relief work is the employment of Bangla Desh people themselves to administer the programs, eliminating for the most part the language barrier which often hampers relief efforts.

The denomination's official relief agency, the United Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief (UMCOR), administers funds from the Bishops' Appeal, providing the resource from which about 15 UMCOR-sanctioned programs operate. Much of this funding is expended through the Bangla Desh Emergency Relief and Rehabili-

tation Service, a World Council of Churches-sponsored agency, while a portion of it is channeled through the Cathedral Relief Services, a United Church of North India program. Results of the programs have been described as "tremendously successful" by the Rev. J. Harry Haines, UMCOR executive secretary. "United Methodists," he said, "are involved in the largest rehabilitation program in the history of Christianity."

But the future of the denomination's participation is in doubt. Dr. Haines reports that by fall of this year all funds contributed to date will have been spent. United Methodist efforts have helped curb the agony of the war and its aftermath for thousands. Evidence of Christian concern can be seen throughout much of the small country. But the need is still great. Bangla Desh still struggles. Bangla Desh is still a challenge for the world. □

Award of Merit

... for consistently excellent presentation in all aspects of magazine journalism, including writing, editing, layout, design, and content, the Associated Church Press composed of 190-member religious journals of the USA and Canada, gave its AWARD OF MERIT for GENERAL EXCELLENCE in the General Church Magazine Category to *TOGETHER*. (May, 1972, Banff, Canada)



Dr. Curtis A. Chambers, acting Editorial Director, and his dedicated staff are deeply appreciative of this recognition. I congratulate Dr. Chambers and the staff. These are difficult times for editors and publishers. Economic necessity has forced the Board of Publication of The United Methodist Church to severely restrict editorial and operating budgets, reduce the staff, and find new ways to produce a quality periodical for United Methodism. The Award of Merit is testimony to the editors' ingenuity, imagination, and stewardship.

However, with the rising costs of material, manufacturing, and postage, there are limits to economies the staff can effect. For this reason, the General Church Periodicals Committee of the Board of Publication has ordered a minimal rate increase on Church Plan subscriptions effective August 1, 1972.

The new rate is \$4 per year. (*Together* and *Christian Advocate*: both for \$8 per year) Churches paying quarterly will remit \$1 per family, per quarter. The regular rate remains: \$5 per year. Single copy rate: 50¢.

October is *TOGETHER* EMPHASIS MONTH. *TOGETHER* AGENTS AND PASTORS will receive the materials for their local campaign for new and renewal subscriptions by September 1, 1972. Please invite your friends to become *TOGETHER* readers.

John E. Procter

JOHN E. PROCTER
PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER
THE UNITED METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE



Around the curve they came, headed for the finish line, a familiar sight an almost any motorbike track these days. Difference is that these riders are members of a Wheelie Association sponsored by a United Methodist minister, and they wouldn't be on the track if they hadn't attended church the preceding Sunday. But there's more to the idea than encouraging church attendance [see page 30]. Photographs are by George P. Miller, *Together's* picture editor.

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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE

- Bongla Desh: A Challenge to All Christians
- Second Cover Color Pictorial
- 6 Light for Children in the Dark
Suson R. O'Horo
- 11 Face-to-Face With Welfare
Mortho A. Lane
- 18 Because 'They Need Someone'
Interview with Elna L. Buice
- 22 An End to 'White Racism'
H. B. Sissel
- 23 The Lost Word on United Methodist Law
Patricia Afzal
- 25 The Violence Makers
Leonard Freeman
- 28 On the Death of Eagles
William E. Gruber
- 30 Preacher Bob's Cycle Club
Color Pictorial
- 34 I'm Through With Church Work
Stimulus/Response—Bea Hammond and Readers
- 38 In Search of Methodist Gold
Color Pictorial
- 42 Love to Hoppy Hill
Louise Davis
- 45 Fruits Without Roots
Alvin C. Murray
- 47 I Remember Branch Rickey
Harry N. Peeler
- 51 Bury Me From My Church
William F. Byrd
- 65 First Good-bye
Modeleine Loeufer

REGULAR FEATURES

- 12 News
- 41 Your Faith . . . James S. Thomas
- 49 Letters From Elsewhere . . . Hermon B. Teeter
- 52 Television . . . David O. Poindexter
- 54 Letters
- 56 Illustration Credits
- 57 Teens . . . Dole White
- 58 Wicked Fleo
- 60 Books . . . Helen Johnson
- 61 Fiction . . . Gerald H. Kennedy
- 64 Jottings

fire prevention team



Churches in America long ago discovered they couldn't continually be putting out fires in our society — the fires of poverty, racism, violence and war.

They learned that they must, instead, work to help develop men and women who would see to it that those fires didn't get started.

That's the reason most denominations — and especially the United Methodists — got into higher education in the first place. No sooner was the Methodist Church officially founded in Baltimore in 1784 than its leaders laid plans for a college, Cokesbury, which they began in 1785.

That relationship has endured (it now includes the more than 100 colleges and secondary schools listed on the opposite page), and it has been highly productive of students who understand the real questions, see the sufferings and resolve to change the conditions that create them.

Yet the church and its colleges really have only begun their work. Our society today still is flammable, likely to strike spark from the friction of our differences.

Aware that some today question the bond between church and college, the United Methodist schools and

colleges have united in a national program to redefine this relationship, to bring more students to their campuses, and to seek support equal to their potential for service.

This program is called New Generations for New Days, and it may be the most effective fire-prevention plan yet devised by the church and its related colleges. To find out more about how its goals can affect your life and the directions of our society, tear off and mail the coupon on the opposite page.



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Light for Children in the Dark

Text by SUSAN R. O'HARA
Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

THE WINDOWS and glass doors are closed, but the sunlight splashes every corner of the large nursery schoolroom and shoves your shadow into a circle of women and children ten feet away.

A young boy screams and pushes away from the woman next to him. His hands clamp over his ears, and he continues screaming.


Dark brown curls bouncing fiercely, a small girl struggles to break from the grip of another woman, whose face is stamped with concern.

At the end of the room the piano chords of *All Around the Mulberry Bush* are joined by energetic voices. But all the singers are adult. The children do not sing.

A young woman sitting cross-legged on the floor hums softly to an expressionless boy cradled in her arms.

Your ears are bombarded by a tangle of screams, moans, and squeals, your eyes assaulted by the sight of young faces strained with terror, anger, and emptiness.

Instinctively you take a few steps backward and realize how much you want to escape from the nightmarish



Walking the balancing board becomes possible for an emotionally disturbed child when a teen-age aide at the Malibu United Methodist Church nursery school walks alongside him.



When the Camarillo bus pulls up to the Malibu church, each child is greeted by his own volunteer, who will devote her full time and attention to him during the session. This one-to-one relationship is a powerful healing force.

confusion. But a small boy stands between you and the warm, lazy comfort outside. His chubby face is turned up, his eyes are dark and staring.

Those silent, beseeching eyes shatter any thought of seeking refuge for they are the eyes of a desperate child. A child in the dark. A child who needs someone, anyone, to care for him and about him. A mentally disturbed child.

Pain, fear, confusion, hate, and emptiness are in his face. Years ago something went wrong for this child and life for him became a painful experience. There was nowhere for him to run except to a fantasy world of his own making, a world with walls to ward off all that was real and threatening.

Will he return to reality? Can someone prove to him that relating to another human being is not always painful, that there is beauty and love outside, too? Without this help, his life, and the lives of many children like him, can lead only to the yawning nothingness of permanent mental illness.

Such a fate will not be allowed for the children in this room if 20 women volunteers have anything to say about it. Each Monday morning for the past six years women of the Malibu United Methodist Church and surrounding community have been coming to the church nursery to participate in a program for severely disturbed children from nearby Camarillo State Hospital. Four similar nursery schools are conducted in other communities near the southern California mental hospital. One is in the United Presbyterian church in Encino.

The weekly challenge is to involve psychotic children in human closeness—teaching them, offering them human action and interaction, helping them to face reality.

It is demanding work. Often diligence is rewarded by anxiety, heartbreak, and frustration—occupational hazards of entering a one-to-one relationship with Camarillo's young patients.

Improvements are minute and subtle. "You have to be content to see a slow-motion process," explains Mrs.

Marcia Page, who has been with the Malibu nursery program for three years. "Sometimes you don't see any change for weeks, even months. The first child I worked with was autistic, so withdrawn that he never spoke, and it seemed he didn't hear anything I said. He just tuned it all out. I worked very closely with Mike for weeks without seeing any change until one Monday morning he actually spoke. Just one word, but it was the word I'd been trying to teach him. He looked at me and said 'up' as he got up from a chair."

It might not seem like much to anyone else, says Mrs. Page, whose intent eyes match the deep concern in her voice, "but to me it was fantastic. I had actually taught a withdrawn little boy to say a word! And as he said it I knew he was making an effort to communicate—to come out of his private world. That did it. I've been hooked ever since."

Most of the women who have volunteered have become hooked almost immediately. Few drop out unless they move or take a new job. Most of them have seen changes that have surprised even people on Camarillo's professional staff.

A technician who accompanies the children to Malibu remembers watching a volunteer encouraging seven-year-old Susan to put away the toys she had used. "I really felt," she recalls, "that the woman was expecting too much if she thought Susan would even hear what she asked—much less do it. But Susan gathered up an armful of toys and piled them into a toy box."

"We've discovered," says Dr. Norbert I. Rieger, psychiatrist and director of the hospital's children's division, "that the volunteers have higher expectations for our children than most of us have. When they make demands on the kids and expect them to perform at a higher level, very often the children respond accordingly. It's for that reason that we don't as a rule inform the nursery women of each child's special limitations or fears. The kids seem to improve more rapidly when the volunteers don't know too much about individual case histories."

Tommy's volunteer knew nothing of his fear of loud noises so when the small boy sat rigidly on the floor, his head pressed hard against the wall, she reached for the nearest toy to distract him. "See the loud noise I can make with this drum," she said, beating on it.

Then, holding the drumsticks toward the frightened child, she invited: "Why don't you try it?" He stared for a moment, then cautiously accepted the sticks and began pounding. A deafening racket filled the room, and a little boy's fear of noise ended.

"It's not really important," says Dr. Rieger emphatically, "for the volunteers to know why a child is the way he is, or what caused his fears. In fact, sometimes it can do more harm than good." What is important, he explains, is to involve the child in closeness so he can experience a relationship that has real integrity and thus see that life is not always painful.

"There's no one who is as completely committed to a human being as a good mother to her child. In essence, the volunteer and the therapist are reenacting this commitment on a symbolic level for an hour or two."

Malibu volunteers are well aware of the difficulties of dealing with the emotionally disturbed. The Camarillo



In the play yard (above), Joyce Catlett, the school's director, helps her own young charge get acquainted with the slide. The purpose of the indoor game (opposite page), in which children and volunteers sit on the floor in a circle, is to get each child to point at the others.

staff and the actions of the children, however, remind them constantly that actively involving a psychotic child is imperative to his growth. Without involvement, the disturbed child becomes desocialized. He may isolate himself in a corner of a room, mentally blotting out the world, endlessly tearing paper into strips, playing with a piece of string, or simply rocking back and forth.

Finding activities that involve and teach the children at the same time is not always easy. Motor-training activities are Mrs. Valerie Raymond's specialty, and over the last two years she has spent most of her Mondays devising varied activities that each volunteer can use to improve the motor senses of her child.



"Things don't always go according to plan," she laughs. "Like today. We set out different cutout shapes on the patio. There were squares, triangles, circles, and animal shapes. The idea was to have the volunteer draw an object on a tablet, say the name of the object, and suggest to her child that he or she find the same object on the patio and stand on it. When one of the women started to draw a figure, her little girl grabbed the paper and pencil, drew a circle, and started shoving her volunteer toward the patio. She had turned the tables on us, but still she had made a real accomplishment. She was relating to another person in a sort of game."

Many of the activities at Malibu concentrate on plain fun. The objective of the fun, however, is to bring the children into constructive activity with others. Sometimes cooking is the project of the day. Pancakes and pudding are favorites. Occasionally one of the volunteers brings a pony and treats the children to rides. The play yard and

playrooms are equipped with swings, tricycles, paints, puzzles, and books.

Most nursery sessions are unstructured and flexible. Hospital staff members as well as the volunteers feel that more can be accomplished this way. A child's interests and moods vary from week to week, and it is impossible to know what is going to be interesting on a certain day.

Without their weekly outing to nursery school, the children's chances of readjustment diminish, says Dr. Rieger. "If a child is to grow," he points out, "he doesn't need a closed, patterned life. What he needs is the free, spontaneous life as it exists only in the community. No normal child is confined to his home. He goes to school and sees many scenes on his way."

Dr. Rieger believes that every child should be returned to his family, or put in a foster home, just as soon as he is capable of living in a family setting. The hospital is



Improvement for a Camarillo child is painfully slow, but as the women at the nursery school work with them, something happens—and the lives of both children and volunteers are changed.

developing satellite homes staffed with houseparents who are highly skilled professionals or paraprofessionals. The plan calls for linking each child in these homes to a small day-care center for education, socialization, and special treatment. In this way even the most disturbed children can be treated in the community more effectively and at less cost than by hospitalizing them, Dr. Rieger says.

"If we want to teach a child at the hospital to go back to a social life in the community, we must prepare him," the doctor points out. "Taking him to the Malibu nursery is an important part of that preparation. He travels by bus, seeing all kinds of community activity

along the way. At the nursery he's exposed to an environment completely different from that of the hospital. There are new faces, colorful furniture, a variety of toys. All these contribute to his stimulation. But the real frosting on the cake is his one-to-one relationship with a volunteer. This is very important in the treatment of the child."

The one-to-one relationship can be exhausting for the volunteer. And there is still another challenge. One of the hospital's child therapists, Mrs. Lilo Sobbers, sums it up: "Volunteer teachers are used to working with normal kids almost exclusively. When they try to deal with our kids, their reactions may range from frustration to disgust. Learning to recognize and understand these feelings is very important for both children and volunteers. If the women don't understand, they will find ways to blame the kids for their feelings, and then they won't be much good as teachers." For this reason, the hospital always sends a counselor with the children so volunteers can talk out their own problems and feelings.

Mrs. Rosemary Hoppi, a member of the Malibu congregation who was one of the first participants in the Camarillo-Malibu nursery program, admits that her first exposure to the Camarillo children provoked anxieties.

"I had to do a lot of soul searching," she recalls, "but I finally came to terms with my feelings about the kids. Everybody reacts differently to mentally disturbed children, but uneasiness, frustration, and a sense of failure are common responses. Once you understand these feelings, you not only enjoy working with the children, you can really help them."

In spite of the occasional problems which come up in dealing with the destructive natures many Camarillo children have, people of the Malibu community and the members of the Malibu United Methodist Church are proud of their involvement with these troubled youngsters.

The church's minister, the Rev. John Hager, says that most of the congregation are very sensitive to the situation. Many of them have young, normal children of their own, and they feel that maybe this program can be their contribution to giving some of the community's lost children healthy minds.

Mr. Hager points out that this program is not something you simply come to, put in your time, and then leave. "Something really happens here, both for the children and for the people working with them. It started as an experiment, but it's pretty obvious now that if someone will reach out and be a friend to these kids, they will grow."

In the six years since the Malibu nursery school began, it has been responsible for dozens of changed lives—lives of children and of the women working with them. Today the program continues, no longer an experiment but a way of life for 20 committed volunteers. □

Face-to-Face With Welfare

IN YEARS PAST church people often tried to understand people of different life-styles, cultures, and economic brackets by studying about them. Now more and more groups are trying to bridge the gaps of distance, ignorance, and misunderstanding by actually sitting down and talking with those of different backgrounds.

Last May, for instance, about 10 welfare recipients and 20 middle-income churchwomen met in Waverly, Nebr. (about 15 minutes from Lincoln) for a welfare-understanding workshop. The weekend sessions were patterned after a similar workshop developed in Denver through the Women's Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions.

Months of planning went into the Nebraska meeting, sponsored by the conference Women's Society of Christian Service (now United Methodist Women). Cost of the entire weekend, held at the Franciscan Brothers' Good Counsel Retreat House, was \$10 for average-income participants and \$1 for low-income people.

The weekend's format was small discussion groups planned and led by skilled group leaders—a hospital chaplain, psychologists, a counselor, and community-development personnel. The basic group goal was learning to communicate with people unlike yourselves.

Unlike earlier Women's Division-inspired welfare-understanding workshops, Waverly's was all white. This did not seem a serious fault because most participants were from Lincoln, a city where 90 percent of the welfare recipients are white. Also, since most welfare conferees were either young mothers in job-training programs or senior citizens, participants often were not sure who was or was not on welfare. This may have helped participants respect each other more from the beginning.

Early sessions of the workshop were devoted to getting acquainted, and first conversations were polite and general. About halfway through the weekend, though, people became more candid and honest, partly through the help of sensitivity exercises stressing cooperation and communication. An elderly welfare recipient, for instance, talked of some present problems:

"There's six apartments in my building. Everybody's mail goes into one box. This man upstairs took my welfare check to his room and opened it. He came down after awhile and said he opened it by mistake. . . . I asked welfare if they'd send the check to the post office, but they said they couldn't. I told the landlady what happened, and now I have my own mailbox."

A middle-income church woman gave her impressions of three welfare participants, all with children, no father in the house, all trying to get training for jobs. "They think that we older people have no sympathy, have never had any experiences like theirs. But some of us don't talk about all the experiences we've had."

A young mother on welfare told her group, "What

means most to me isn't the welfare money but when someone stops for a cup of coffee—when someone comes to see *me*! I really look forward to when the welfare lady comes—I at last have someone to talk to."

Someone asked if she used food stamps.

"This is a big deal to me, having to admit I'm in this predicament. I don't take the stamps, I don't want to admit . . . if my children were starving, then I guess I would."

Another young mother who receives welfare fielded questions about the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) of which she is a local leader. Her firsthand knowledge of city government and local and national legislative efforts came as a surprise to some.

"We in NWRO want and need moral support and understanding, someone to say, 'Our hearts are with you and we'll take care of your kids if you go to jail' [for demonstrating and so on]. Our greatest needs are money and bodies—active members."

"A lot of our younger welfare recipients are from middle-class families and they don't want to be identified with the other recipients so they are unwilling to get involved in NWRO."

"What does NWRO do?" someone asked.

"For one thing, we tell recipients what they're eligible for, what welfare doesn't tell you about. We work for legislation. Last year we worked to get a small clothes allotment for high-school students. It died in committee."

"I feel like I'm batting my head against the wall. It's so frustrating. I've been to meetings almost every night, left my kids with sitters, and nothing ever happens."

"What can nonwelfare people do?"

"I'd like to see churchwomen going down to county welfare and identifying themselves as churchwomen and voicing their concerns."

It is hard to know what was accomplished at Waverly. Attendance was 30, just half of the original goal, in spite of an intensive phone and mail-announcement campaign.

"Women's groups pray and pray and pray about loving your neighbor, but they don't want to hear anything about welfare," one planner agonized.

No direct group action was decided upon, although some individuals were planning things they could do. No persons seemed converted to a completely different viewpoint. Some stereotyped and television-news impressions of welfare recipients may have been dissolved. Perhaps both welfare and nonwelfare participants see more clearly how alike they are in many ways, yet how impossible it is to fully understand a position or way of life one has never been in.

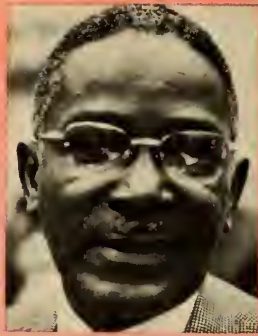
Most people present seemed to realize that the nation's welfare system is neither all right nor all wrong—and that it could be a lot better if everyone sought its improvement.

—Martha A. Lane

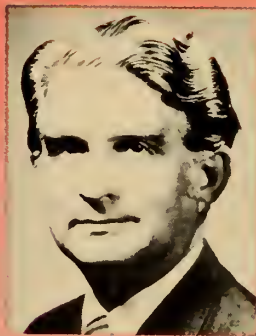
Nineteen New Bishops



Bishop Yeakel
Syracuse Area



Bishop Carrall
Boston Area



Bishop Ault
Philadelphia Area



Bishop Warman
Harrisburg Area



Bishop Sande
Birmingham Area



Bishop Clymer
Minnesota Area



Bishop DeWitt
Wisconsin Area



Bishop Crutchfield
Louisiana Area



Bishop Gaadrich
Missouri Area



Bishop Dixar
Kansas Area

A BUMPER crop of new bishops, as one journalist described it, has been harvested by United Methodists. The fields proved to be predominantly white unto the harvest, with notable exceptions.

The 19 new bishops is the largest number elected since 1960, when 20 clergymen were elevated to the episcopacy in the former Methodist Church.

Fifteen in the class of 1972 replace bishops who reached mandatory retirement between ages 68 and 72. Three others replace bishops who took early retirement for reasons of health, and one replaces a deceased bishop. Their elections bring United Methodism to its full complement of 45 active bishops in the United States.

In addition to the new 19, all continuing bishops were subject to assignment. Ten were given new assignments. Thus 29 of the denomination's 45 U.S. episcopal areas have bishops new to them.

Elections were held and assignments made at the five jurisdictional conferences—Northeastern, Southeastern, North Central, South Central, and Western—in mid-July. A minimum of nonelection business faced the conferences.

Preceded by open electioneering in at least one jurisdictional conference and by published support for women and ethnic minority candidates, the elections nevertheless yielded few surprises. The South Central Jurisdiction, with four to elect, completed its work in ten ballots. The Northeastern Jurisdiction did almost as well, electing four men in 11 ballots. The North Central Jurisdiction went 15 ballots before electing its second of two new bishops. The marathons were in the Southeastern Jurisdiction, where 25 ballots were

necessary before six bishops could be chosen, and in the Western Jurisdiction, which took 27 ballots before its third and final election.

But the last election was historic. Bishop Wilbur Choy becomes the first Asian-American bishop (he is of Chinese descent) elected within United Methodism.

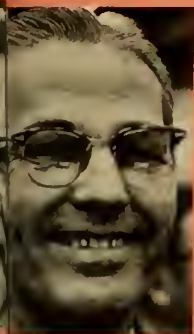
Almost equally historic was the election of Bishop Ernest T. Dixon, Jr., the first black elected by the South Central Jurisdiction. The Northeastern Jurisdiction elected its second black, Bishop Edward G. Carroll.

Women received scattered votes for the episcopacy in at least two jurisdictions. Two blacks received strong and seemingly irreconcilable support in the South Central Jurisdiction before one withdrew, paving the way for the election of the other.

The question whether a lay person may be elected to the episcopacy was raised in at least two jurisdictions. Bishops presiding over the sessions ruled in each case that any ballot cast with a layman's name on it would be considered invalid. But the North Central Jurisdiction petitioned the Judicial Council to make a declaratory decision on the question [see *The Last Word on United Methodist Law*, page 23].

Following are brief sketches of the new bishops (in the same order as pictured above) and assignments for all bishops.

a Bumper Crop



Bishop McDovid
Florida Area



Bishop Stokes
Jackson Area



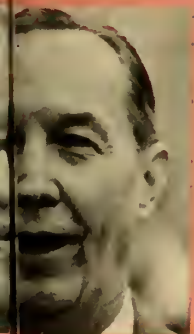
Bishop Tullis
Columbia Area



Bishop Rabertsan
Louisville Area



Bishop Blackburn
Raleigh Area



Bishop Holter
Nebraska Area



Bishop Tuell
Portland Area



Bishop Wheatley
Denver Area



Bishop Choy
Seattle Area

Northeastern Jurisdiction

Bishop Joseph H. Yeokel...age 44...elected on second ballot...was general secretary, United Methodist Board of Evangelism, for four years before election...assigned to Syracuse Area, replacing Bishop W. Rolph Word.

Bishop Edward G. Corroll...age 62...elected on ninth ballot...first bishop elected from Washington (D.C.) Area in 63 years...pastor of Morvin Memorial Church, Silver Spring, Md., five years before election...assigned to Boston Area, replacing Bishop James K. Mathews.

Bishop James M. Ault...age 54...elected on 11th ballot...dean of Drew University's Theological School in Madison, N.J., since 1968...assigned to Philadelphia Area, replacing retiring Bishop J. Gordon Howard.

Bishop John B. Wormon...age 57...elected on 11th ballot...pastor of Baldwin Community Church, Pittsburgh, seven years before election...assigned to Harrisburg Area, replacing retiring Bishop Hermann W. Koebnick.

New assignments: Bishop W. Rolph Word from Syracuse Area to New York Area; Bishop James K. Mathews from Boston Area to Washington (D.C.) Area.

Reassigned: Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., New Jersey Area; Bishop Roy C. Nichols, Pittsburgh Area; Bishop D. Frederick Wertz, West Virginia Area.

Southeastern Jurisdiction

Bishop Carl J. Sonders...age 60...elected on first ballot...pastor of First Church, Arlington, Va., one year before election...assigned to Birmingham Area replacing Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson.

Bishop Joel D. McDovid...age 56...elected on second ballot...pastor of Doughton Way Church, Mobile, Ala., six years before election...assigned to Florida Area replacing retiring Bishop James W. Henley.

Bishop Mock B. Stokes...age 61...elected on sixth ballot...professor of Emory University's Candler School of Theology, Atlanta, Ga....born in Korea of missionary parents...assigned to Jackson Area replacing retiring Bishop Edward J. Pendergoss.

Bishop Edward L. Tullis...age 55...elected on 14th ballot...pastor First Church, Ashland, Ky., 11 years before election...assigned to Columbia (S.C.) Area replacing retiring Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr.

Bishop Frank Robertson...age 55...elected on 21st ballot...pastor, First Church, Valdosta, Ga., three years before election...assigned to Louisville Area replacing retiring Bishop Roy H. Short.

Bishop Robert M. Blackburn...age 52...elected on 25th ballot...pastor, First Church, Orlando, Fla., four years before election...assigned to Raleigh (N.C.) Area replacing Bishop William R. Cannon.

New assignments: Bishop William R. Cannon from Raleigh Area to Atlanta Area; Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson from Birmingham Area to Richmond (Va.) Area.

Reassigned: Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., Charlotte Area; Bishop L. Scott Allen, Holston Area; Bishop H. Ellis Finger, Jr., Nashville Area.

North Central Jurisdiction

Bishop Wayne K. Clymer...age 54...elected on sixth ballot...president, Evangelical Theological Seminary, Noperville, Ill., 4 1/2 years before election...assigned to

Minnesota Area replacing Bishop Paul A. Washburn. Bishop Jesse R. DeWitt...age 53...elected on 15th ballot...assistant general secretary, Board of Missions' National Division, with emphasis on church extension two years before election...assigned to Wisconsin Area replacing Bishop Ralph T. Alton.

New assignments: Bishop Paul A. Washburn, from Minnesota Area to Chicago Area; Bishop Ralph T. Alton, from Wisconsin Area to Indiana Area.

Reassigned: Bishop James Armstrong, Dakotas Area; Bishop Lance Webb, Illinois Area; Bishop James S. Thomas, Iowa Area; Bishop Dwight E. Loder, Michigan Area; Bishop Francis E. Kearns, Ohio East Area; Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Ohio West Area.

South Central Jurisdiction

Bishop Finis A. Crutchfield, Jr....age 55...elected on third ballot...pastor, Boston Avenue Church, Tulsa, Okla., 12 years before election...assigned to Louisiana Area replacing retiring Bishop Aubrey G. Walton.

Bishop Robert E. Goodrich, Jr....age 63...elected on sixth ballot...pastor, First Church, Dallas, Texas, 26 years before election...assigned to Missouri Area replacing Bishop Eugene M. Frank.

Bishop Ernest T. Dixon, Jr....age 49...elected on ninth ballot...assistant general secretary, Program Council, three years before election...assigned to Kansas Area succeeding Bishop W. McFerrin Stowe.

Bishop Don W. Holter...age 67...elected on tenth ballot...president, Saint Paul School of Theology—Methodist, Kansas City, Mo., 13 years before election...former missionary to the Philippines...assigned to Nebraska Area succeeding retiring Bishop Noah W. Moore.

New assignments: Bishop Eugene M. Frank, from Missouri Area to Arkansas Area; Bishop W. McFerrin Stowe, from Kansas Area to Dallas-Fort Worth Area.

Reassigned: Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, Houston Area; Bishop Alsie H. Carleton, Northwest Texas-New Mexico Area; Bishop Paul W. Milhouse, Oklahoma Area; Bishop O. Eugene Slater, San Antonio Area.

Western Jurisdiction

Bishop Jack M. Tuell...age 48...elected on 12th ballot...pastor, First Church, Vancouver, Wash., five

years before election...assigned to Portland (Oregon) Area replacing deceased Bishop Everett W. Palmer.

Bishop Melvin E. Wheatley, Jr....age 57...elected on 19th ballot...pastor, Westwood Church, Los Angeles, Calif., 18 years before election...assigned to Denver Area replacing Bishop R. Marvin Stuart.

Bishop Wilbur W. Y. Choy...age 54...elected on 27th ballot...was superintendent, Bay View District, California-Nevada Conference, three years before election...preaches in both Chinese and English...assigned to Seattle Area replacing retiring Bishop W. Maynard Sparks.

New assignments: Bishop Charles F. Golden from San Francisco Area to Los Angeles Area; Bishop R. Marvin Stuart from Denver Area to San Francisco Area.

Reassigned: None.

Assignments of bishops proved more troublesome than elections in some instances. Each jurisdictional conference has a Committee on the Episcopacy which has to work out the preferences of the men to be assigned and the areas to receive bishops.

Committee on the Episcopacy recommendations must be voted on by the full jurisdictional conferences.

At least three jurisdictional conferences completed their work soon enough to adjourn early. Consecration services for new bishops traditionally close these sessions, but the Western Jurisdiction approved its assignments following the consecrations.

The elections left four of United Methodism's 14 seminaries looking for either a dean or a president. Committees were being formed to carry out those searches. Only the Western Jurisdiction declined to elect a bishop from a seminary campus.

Major pastorates also proved to be a popular source of new episcopal material. Likewise popular were the staffs of general church boards and agencies.

Only one man elected in 1972 will be limited by age to a four-year term. Others can serve up to 24 years under present disciplinary provisions. There was talk in some jurisdictions toward establishing a term episcopacy, with 12-year maximum terms generally preferred.

For now, however, life terms prevail. White clergymen between their mid-40s and early-60s predominate.

—John A. Lovelace

AMID SOME DEFEATS ECUMENISM CONTINUES

On the surface it may appear that ecumenical enterprises in all parts of the world are in a slump.

In only about a month's time the United Presbyterian Church pulled out of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) and the long-discussed union between the Church of England and the British Methodists ended in a sound defeat by vote of that country's established church.

But many mainline denominations in the United States as well as overseas remain closely interwoven in a web of ecumenical affairs.

Six churches in Scotland, including the Methodist Synod, are reviewing

a draft plan of union. The United Church of North India, created in 1970 through the merger of six denominations, is taking steps to admit over 600,000 United Methodists in India into its fold. And more than 100 denominations throughout North America are preparing for the massive ecumenical-evangelical movement, Key '73, during 1973.

Though no specific reason was offered by the Presbyterians for their surprise withdrawal, COCU Executive Secretary Dr. Paul Crow, Jr., described it as "a tragic misunderstanding of the Consultation."

Church union, he said, "is not a merger of ecclesiastical structures but a search for a new community, unlike the church any of us have ever

known in our past separateness."

An irony of the Presbyterian withdrawal is that the Consultation itself was formed largely through United Presbyterian initiative. The sermon which launched COCU was given in 1960 by the denomination's then stated clerk (chief executive), Dr. Eugene Carson Blake. The 3.1-million-member denomination is continuing union talks with the million-member Presbyterian Church in the U.S., which voted to remain in COCU.

Dr. Robert Huston, United Methodism's chief ecumenical staff member, expressed optimism that United Presbyterians would readdress the question of COCU membership at their next General Assembly in 1973. He called the pullout regrettable.



Montana United Methodist John J. Ryan and family capture a scene right out of the Old West as they begin a 600-mile journey commemorating circuit rider William Wesley (Brother Van) Van Orsdel's arrival at Fort Benton, Mont., 100 years ago. Throughout the 60-day trip the Ryans, a lay family, hope to revive an interest in circuit rides and share this heritage by bringing fellowship and love back to the area where Brother Van's ministry began.

GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS FACES RELIGIOUS PRESS

Good news, bad news faced the recent International Religious Press Convention, the first combined meeting of the Associated Church Press, the Catholic Press Association, and the Canadian Church Press.

Good news came to *Together* and three other United Methodist publications which won 6 of 23 first-place awards and 5 honorable mentions in the annual Associated Church Press (ACP) merit award presentations. ACP is a predominantly Protestant organization of about 190 publications.

Together received top honors for general excellence along with three honorable mentions. Other United Methodist publications honored were new *World Outlook*, *The Texas Methodist*, and *Face to Face*.

Bad news came to all of the church-related publications in the convention's discussion of proposed postal-rate increases.

In a joint resolution the ACP and Catholic Press Association asked the

U.S. Postal Service to reconsider mail increases for the nonprofit religious press which the associations said is "suffering serious financial disabilities."

ACP and CPA also voted for "structural cooperation." This fall they will begin work toward joint offices, publications, and regional seminars in the coming year in addition to joint conventions.

Discussing problems facing religious publications, the ACP's Dr. Alfred P. Klausler said, "Church members below age 25 or 30 just don't subscribe."

The ACP executive secretary also suggested that perhaps churches "have put all our eggs in one basket when we concentrate on one general church publication. The rise in specialized magazines . . . in the secular world indicates that we could have more of these in the church."

CALLS FOR HELP PRECEDE NATIONAL DISASTER FUND

United Methodism's official relief agency has established a National Disaster Fund with a designated goal of \$1 million and with calls for assistance even before the first dollar was raised.

Until May the United Methodist Committee on Relief (UMCOR) was responsible for overseas relief only. But in June it was called on twice to activate its new domestic authority—once following the broken-dam flood which hit Rapid City, S.Dak., then later as tropical storm Agnes wreaked havoc across the eastern states.

The fund, according to UMCOR's executive secretary, J. Harry Haines, has four priorities: first, for persons regardless of race, color, or creed; second, for needy United Methodists made known to UMCOR through appropriate denominational bodies; third, for United Methodist parsonages and residences, and fourth, for church buildings and institutions.

Funds will be used through ecumenical agencies as much as possible. UMCOR contributes 25 percent of Church World Service's annual \$100,000 disaster fund, some of which monies were used in Rapid City where United Methodist property loss was not reported high but loss of life was heavy.

Weeks after Agnes's rampage the extent of damage to United Methodist churches, parsonages, and members had not been determined. In the Central Pennsylvania Annual Conference alone damage to 42 churches was estimated at \$500,000.

In the conference headquarters city of Harrisburg, Bishop Hermann W. Kaebnick, only weeks from retirement, was forced to leave the episcopal residence when water rose four feet in the first floor. Much of his library was destroyed.

All churches in the Wilkes-Barre area were seriously hit. Every building at Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pa., a Wyoming Conference secondary school, was inundated to some extent.

At least two churches were damaged in the Reading-Pottstown area of the Eastern Pennsylvania Conference.

When Agnes first struck the U.S. as a hurricane, Florida reported no significant damage to churches. Its first real havoc came in Virginia where torrential rains flooded mountain streams as in 1969's storm, Camille. The only church badly hurt was Scottsville, which only recently dedicated an education building rebuilt after Camille.

Watchdogs Over Health Care

More than 3.5 million people will be served by United Methodism's 334 health and welfare agencies this year. It's a big job.

But another big job, helping determine how well those people are served, is handled by one small group, the Certification Council of United Methodism's Board of Health and Welfare Ministries.

Through its program for certification, the 18-member council establishes standards and goals for the hospitals, homes, and residences while simultaneously fostering a close relationship between each agency and the denomination.

It is this development of church-agency interaction which sets the council apart from the many privately sponsored organizations designed to measure professional standards.

"It is just as vital," council staff member John Murdock recently noted, "to be expressive of the moral nature of the church as it is to provide safe, sanitary, and professional services to the public."

Consequently the Certification Council, in operation since 1968, is attempting to involve all United Methodist-related health and welfare agencies in its program. Two levels of attainment are offered: affiliation (all related agencies are expected to become affiliated with the council) and full certification.

For the public at large the knowledge that an agency is council-certified can take on a special meaning.

For the aged it can mean finding a place responsive to their needs, a home where friends are made, and where a skilled staff cares.

For the sick and their families, it can mean the assurance of competent medical care and the comfort of spiritual guidance and counseling from a hospital chaplain or local minister.

For the unwanted child it can mean finding loving, capable parents and a special place in a family.

How does a United Methodist agency become certified, as 61 now are?

Hospitals and homes for the aged must first be accredited by the privately sponsored Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals (with an optional Medicare approval for homes). Child-care agencies and residences must satisfy equally high standards set by other agencies.

Through self-study the agency is expected to examine itself in relationship to specifically stated standards. A team visit by professionals

in the field checks criteria including fair-employment and other personnel practices, community involvement, professional standards, and, particularly, evidences of church-agency ties through the annual conference or other United Methodist body to which the agency is related.

Following a careful evaluation of team reports, the council may either refuse certification, grant provisional certification (an indication that the agency is working, with a timetable, to correct minor operational problems), or grant full certification.

The council is considering ways to attract more United Methodist agencies into the certification process and has made special efforts to contact bishops in areas where interest in the program is lagging.

Budgetary problems, caused by the discontinuance of the council's main source of funding, a grant from the World Service Fund, have temporarily reduced the council's activities. As of the first of next year, when the Health and Welfare Ministries board will become a division of the new Board of Global Ministries and new funding possibilities become available, the council is anticipating expanded programming and may have the opportunity to examine problems of supportive agencies around the world.

CENTURY CLUB

Two of our ten new Century Club members live in Winfield, Kansas.

Mrs. Lizzie Ballou, 100, Southington, Conn.

Mrs. Minnie Carnine, 100, Hoquiam, Wash.

Mrs. Kate Farrington, 100, Concord, Mass.

Mrs. Edson B. (Isabelle) Fowler, 100, Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. Laura Gundlefinger, 100, Winfield, Kans.

Mrs. Hulda Guseman, 100, Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. Martha Matteson, 100, Coudersport, Pa.

Mrs. Laura Reider Muth, 100, Hershey, Pa.

Mrs. Lottie O'Neil, 100, Winfield, Kans.

Mrs. Mary Stine, 100, New Carlisle, Ind.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include nominee's present address, date of birth, and name and address of nominee's church.

UNITED METHODIST WOMEN: NEW EMPHASIS ON 'LOCAL'

United Methodist women's units will soon take on a new look, one determined largely by local units themselves.

Over the next 15 months the denomination's women's groups, Wesleyan Service Guild and Women's Society of Christian Service, will be succeeded by one inclusive unit called United Methodist Women.

Transition will be completed by December 31, 1973, but actual timing will be left to individual guilds and societies. There are about 36,500 such units in 50 states with a combined membership of 1.6 million.

A United Methodist Women's constitution was ratified by the 1972 General Conference but only recently did a 24-member planning committee created by the Board of Missions' Women's Division devise a structural form.

One key factor in the new structure is "flexibility."

Beyond a basic proposal for an executive committee, four officers, and a committee on nominations, local organizations will determine their own structures. They may choose additional officers, committees, or subgroups and call them circles, task groups, or whatever they wish.

Mission, however, remains the central thrust and will be expressed through four emphases: Christian personhood, supportive community, Christian social involvement, and Christian global concerns.

The present societies and guilds give \$15 million annually to missions plus funds to local programs. The new organization will continue the annual pledge to missions by each member as the channel for giving to the Women's Division.

The head of the Women's Division, Miss Theresa Hoover, recently pointed out that women make up half of the church membership and give more time to the church than men do.

Speaking at the 25th anniversary of the World Federation of Deaconess Associations (DIAKONIA), she criticized churches for excluding women from clergy and leadership positions for too long, thus necessitating parallel structures for women in Christian mission.

The black United Methodist executive further added that after a life of employment in the denomination, she must conclude that the church is "sexist" and "racist."

CHURCHES' ANTIWAR PLEAS REBUFFED IN WASHINGTON

Church leaders apparently are having little luck delivering antiwar messages directly to President Nixon and congressional leaders.

One United Methodist bishop, after several unsuccessful attempts, charged that the President refused to see church leaders with views differing from his own.

Bishop John Wesley Lord, 1960-72 head of the Washington Area, also charged that the President refused to see representatives of mainline churches and the National Council of Churches.

Directed by the 1972 General Conference to personally deliver two documents, including the Bishops' Call for Peace and the Self-Development of Peoples, Bishop Lord got only as far as a presidential assistant on domestic affairs.

Other church leaders unable to get hearings with President Nixon carried their protests of new war developments to the press and to Congress—and in some attempts were arrested.

In a statement delivered at a Washington press conference eight Protestant leaders said they had repeatedly sought and been denied privilege of direct discussion with the President. Signers included Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area and Mrs. Clorie Horvey, a United Methodist from Jackson, Miss., who is president of Church Women United.

Speaking to an Emergency Convocation to End the War, Senator Harold Hughes, a United Methodist from Iowa, said the President "has a right to risk his own political future but not the right to refuse to listen to people or risk the lives of my children." The convocation was initiated by Set the Date Now organization, whose sponsors include Bishops Armstrong and Lord.

More than a dozen staff members of the Women's Division, Board of Christian Social Concerns, and the Commission on Religion and Race were among 150 persons who marched to Congress to present a citizens' petition to House Speaker Carl Albert, United Methodist from Oklahoma.

The petition of the celebrity-studded Redress movement asked Congress to "exercise constitutional authority of control over armed forces by immediate cessation of air, ground, and naval operations" and economic appropriations for the Indochina war.

Demanding immediate attention rather than referral to committee, 94

persons, including 3 United Methodist staff members, refused to clear House corridors. They were arrested for "unlawful entry" and fined \$25 each.

One month later the Redress movement carried its message to the Senate and 115 persons were arrested. Among those was United Methodist Arthur J. Moore, Jr., editor of new/World Outlook, a Board of Missions publication.

After being told that the acting majority leader, Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia, would hear the petition from only a few of the persons, the group rejected this, read it in the presence of Sen. Mike Grovel of Alaska, then lay down in a senate corridor. Arrests followed immediately.

Other American protests came recently from Japan. A picket line on English-language newspaper in Tokyo urging President Nixon to stop United States involvement in the Indochina war was signed by 178 Americans, including 42 of the approximately 95 United Methodist missionaries who are serving in Japan.

STUDY GUIDES DUE SOON ON DOCTRINE, PRINCIPLES

Leader guides for study of the new United Methodist social-principles and doctrinal statements approved by the 1972 General Conference will be available this fall.

The guides are designed for lay teachers to help local churchmen study the documents and appropriate them for everyday use.

According to Dr. Wolter N. Vernon, executive editor of general publications in the Board of Education's curriculum-resources division, the guides contain a minimum of six sessions each which can be shortened or lengthened depending upon the interests of the study group.

The Program Curriculum Committee suggests that local churches mix youth and adults and limit group size from 6 to 16 persons.

The guides are self-contained and require no additional reading material or other resources. However, Dr. Vernon noted that for study of the social-principles statement, groups might conduct interviews or discussions or even investigate a situation such as housing or poverty in their local community.

United Methodists in the News

A Chinese Methodist clergywoman, one of the first Crusade Scholars, has been named to head the Foundation for Theological Education in Southeast Asia. Dr. Ivy S. T. Chou will continue as associate director of the Theological Education Fund, a World Council of Churches program based in London.

Elected president of DIAKONIA (World Federation of Deaconess Associations) was Dr. Betsy K. Ewing, assistant general secretary of the National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions.

Mrs. Mary Katherine Pulliam, member of Blacksburg (Va.) United Methodist Church, was named Virginia's 1972 Mother of the Year.

An 84-year-old great-grandmother was recently named New Jersey State Mother. Mrs. Etta R. Garron, member of Indian Mills United Methodist Church, has nine children of her own in addition to being a foster mother to 24 children.

A United Methodist and one-time governor of West Virginia, Cecil H. Underwood has been named president of Disciples of Christ-related Bethany College in Bethany, W.Va.

The Rev. James M. Wall, former editor of *Christian Advocate*, is consultant to the Christian Century Foundation, publisher of *Christian Century* and *The Christian Ministry* magazines. Dr. Wall is also campaigning for a seat in the U.S. Congress from the 14th District in Illinois.

One of two members representing religious interests on the State Department's new 24-member Inter-American Advisory Council is Dr. Herman Will, Jr., associate general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns in charge of the Division of World Peace.

Drs. Robert and Bethel Fleming, who worked with the United Mission to Nepal from 1954 to 1970, recently received honorary degrees from Albion College in Michigan. Although they gave up their official work with the United Mission in 1970, they plan to return to Nepal early in 1973 for "active retirement."

The Rev. H. Elliott Wright, a United Methodist minister-journalist who is Protestant editor of *Religious News Service*, was honored by Religious Heritage of America for "superior work in covering, interpreting, and examining religious news and issues."



Elna and Edward Buice posed in 1969 with Coby and Quentin, the last 2 of the 99 children who came into their home over an 18-year span. Mrs. Buice died April 24 after a long battle with cancer.

WHY FOSTER HOMES?

Because 'They Need Someone'

ELNA BUICE'S foster-parent career began during the Depression when she and her first husband cared for numerous abandoned babies. Beginning in September, 1951, she and Edward Buice, her second husband, took another 99 into their Texas home. Then about a year ago, the advanced stages of Mrs. Buice's lung cancer forced the couple into "enforced semiretirement."

"During the hours of required resting, my thoughts go back over the years to the rich rewards—as well as to some of the trials and tribulations—of being parents to all these children," Mrs. Buice told us then. "My social worker suggested that prospective foster parents might like to know some of our thoughts about these experiences." *Together* agrees with, and is indebted to, that social worker, Billie Bess Saustrup of the Texas State Department of Public Welfare.

When Associate Editor Martha A. Lane interviewed Mrs. Buice by mail last January, she was "hanging on to life quite tenaciously, but with great difficulty," Mrs. Sastrup told us. In March, after receiving all the treatment hospitals could give her, Mrs. Buice returned to her Austin home. She died there quietly on April 24, but her example of Christian love and sharing will not soon be forgotten, even by those of us who knew her only briefly.

—Your Editors

Maybe we should begin by discussing what foster care is. Why is it important?

Children need good relationships with parents in order to develop emotionally and mentally. They need someone interested enough in their happiness and development, and with enough energy and health, to provide for their needs and to show pleasure in their accomplishments. Foster parents are temporary substitutes for children who do not have such parents. The job takes a lot of love and patience.

How many children have you and Mr. Buice been foster parents for?

We've had 99 children that were legally foster children and 8 or 10 "emergency children." For example somebody from one of the welfare services called and asked if we'd keep a couple of little boys. Their parents had been somewhere on a Sunday outing and were covered with poison ivy and were hospitalized. We kept the boys until their parents were able to come get them. The agency called those cases "emergency children."

What races have the children represented?

Almost all—white, black, brown, even Chinese.

Why did you decide to become foster parents?

There was an article in the paper telling of the need. Mr. Buice had just retired and our only son was drafted and sent to Korea. We were at a loss as to what to do. Some neighbors wanted us to play canasta, but we were looking for something more rewarding. We were thinking about going to town to find jobs. Then Mr. Buice saw the article and said, "What about that?" We didn't even stop to dress up, just got in the car and went to Child and Family Service, which was just getting started. They investigated us and we had to get a license. At first they didn't have anyone for us to take care of. They asked what kind of children we wanted. We didn't know what to say so we told them we'd take the children nobody else wanted. It's always been that way.

Under what circumstances have children come to you?

We have received children who were left in rags on street corners and in lockers at the bus station. One child was left in a box by the riverside like Moses. We had one baby whom the doctor did not expect to live and who could not respond to institutional care. He now is thriving in an adoptive home as far as we know.

Some children were emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, suffering from physical abuse or malnutrition, or physically handicapped—including a blind child we cared for for three years and one girl who was completely paralyzed from the shoulders down.

Are the needs of handicapped children a lot different from the others?

These children should be treated as if they were normal in every instance where it is possible to do so. A handicapped child should absorb your own confidence so he can become a productive and useful citizen. The worst thing a foster parent can do is allow a handicapped child to use his defect to take advantage of others. We have learned that a mentally damaged child can be difficult and destructive, but with love and care this, too, can be changed. A handicapped or retarded child in the home helps to teach other children that the gift of intellect, whether great or small, brings with it the responsibility to develop it as fully as possible and to be aware that from our abundance, we must care for those who cannot support themselves.

Tell us about your first child.

We had no notice he was coming. We were cleaning and spraying a chicken house when a policeman drove up with him. He was covered with filth, dirt, blood—so dirty that I took him around back and he let me strip him. He was afraid of the bathtub but I persuaded him to stand in it and let me wash him. I hunted up new clothes and put his in the garbage. He was seven but so undernourished that we got four-year-old size clothes for him. He had been extremely abused. For weeks he'd only say, "Again?" at meals. And he'd swear, but nothing else. It developed that he had some brain damage as a result of early mistreatment.

When he was 14, welfare could no longer legally take care of him—because of shortage of state funds—so we adopted him. Now he lives at Marbridge Ranch, a home for mentally retarded, and works in San Antonio. He is self-supporting. People like him and think a lot of him.

Because of the brain damage, he'll probably always have to live in a sheltered environment of some kind. He makes trips alone. He comes by the house and writes us short letters. We had no anxieties before he came to live with us because we didn't know he was coming.

Did you adopt any others?

One other, our very robust and active eighth-grader, Quentin, who has been with us since he was three days old.

Do all your children get adopted?

No. In some cases the natural parents or relatives have been able, with help, to get needed treatment for mental or physical ills, to get help with financial problems or job training, or in other ways have strengthened their family unit enough to have their children returned. Others have stayed with us until they went out on their own, which sometimes happened at a very early age many years ago.

How many children of your own did you have, and what did they think of having so many temporary brothers and sisters?

I have a son who was adopted as an infant. Mr. Buice has a step-daughter, Joyce, whom they raised from 18 months old. My son, Wesley, was married before we started this. He approved. He said the children could

have his old clothes. Joyce never had any comment except that it was the natural thing for us to do.

Once you became involved, how often did you have a foster child in your home? In other words, were there any quiet moments?

There were no quiet moments. There has been a foster child with us every moment up to the present time. We've had as many as ten children under six months of age at one time.

What surprises have you had as foster parents?

One of the biggest occurred when we were expecting the caseworker to arrive with two babies. Instead she took a large cardboard box from the back seat of her car with four infants in it—the youngest two days old, the oldest three and a half days old. Another time we acquired “quadruplets” ranging in age from infancy to 20 months. They were placed with us over a period of six months. In each case, the agency expected the children would be placed in adoption reasonably soon—but we had the four of them almost three years. Our caseworker asked why we hadn't yelled for help with them. We simply wanted all the children to have the security of having one set of parents that they could count on until the time that their permanent parents were found.

Did you ever call for help?

I'll admit there were times when we were tempted to ask them to come and get a teen-aged child. Foster children of this age usually have a chip on their shoulders when they arrive—from all the emotional conflicts they've experienced. It is hard for them to realize that someone can love them for themselves. The girls may try every trick imaginable to get the whole attention of

the foster father, and make the mother jealous. And the boys, to a great extent, may try the same thing with the foster mother. I recall one 14-year-old girl (I'll call her Suzanne) who was very adept at this. Her own mother did not want her, and deep down inside Suzanne was angry with her mother. But of course she did not admit this to herself or to anyone else. Instead she tried to provoke me, to make me jealous by monopolizing all my husband's time. When very angry, she'd tell me she hated me and that I made her sick.

Were you glad to see her go?

Surprisingly, in many ways Suzanne gave us the most gratification by the things she was able to learn and accomplish in our home. She had a permanently injured spine and came to us in a wheelchair. She was able to learn to get out of the wheelchair by herself, dress herself, sew, iron, and cook, get in and out of the bathtub with the aid of a bar, and make her own bed. The thing that was hardest for us to live with was her failure to ever establish proper toilet habits and the occasional “accidents” which we knew many times were deliberate. Still, when she was finally placed with her father, we hated to see her go, and felt a tremendous sense of pride in her accomplishments.

What agencies have you worked with?

I've already mentioned the first, Child and Family Service. Then we were loaned to Juvenile Court. We spent a couple of years working with Gardner House, a county home for juveniles. The next thing we knew we were working for Child Welfare. We had good relationships with them all. Most of the time we didn't even know which organization we were representing—we were “loaned” back and forth.

What help did you get from these agencies?

The agency pays board, clothing, and medical expenses. In the beginning, 20 years ago, the only thing we got from the agency was the child they dropped off. In recent years we have had very good cooperation. Now social workers come once a week. At least they come often enough that the child knows the caseworker. We've communicated with caseworkers more in recent years.

What are some of the difficult things about being a foster parent?

The chief problems are misunderstandings and gossip—by people who don't understand what you are doing or why you are doing it. The truth is no one tries harder than a foster parent. People have made rude and cruel remarks about our children, and sometimes it came from people we least expected it from.

Sometimes the children fear a “mean stepmother” and take a long time to accept their foster parents. And there are heartbreaks, like one who was 13 when he came. About two years later he ran away, then joined the Army. He's had many ups and downs, including imprisonment for forgery. But he now has a steady job and visits us on his vacations.

How have you and Mr. Buice been able to care for such numbers of children?

One reason is that we have always been two “full-



time foster parents." We were married in 1943 but we did not begin this until Ed had retired from the military service in 1951. He has probably given babies almost as many bottles as I have. He also did all the washing—by hand!—during the first five years when we had no washing machine.

I suppose some of your experiences have been humorous.

Oh yes. Like when we used to attend a small country church. There was a place in back where we could leave the babies if we needed to, but we usually took them in the pews with us. We got there early one Sunday to get settled. Mr. Buice brought the seven babies in one at a time and sat them in the pew with me. As he brought in the seventh, an older woman who was a member of the congregation stood up, shook her umbrella at him, and hollered, "Don't you dare bring any more of those babies in here like a mother cat with kittens!" To us it was one of the funniest things that ever happened.

You mentioned having been a foster parent before you married Mr. Buice. What was your original motivation?

My first husband and I attended a church revival about a year after we were married. Toward the end of it we were singing *I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go*, and I felt strongly that I should go to the altar. So I did. I knelt and said, "Lord, you know I'm married and I've got a husband to consider, but I'll do what you want." When I looked up, my husband was kneeling beside me. We never discussed it because it was something sacred to each of us personally. I kept wondering what God wanted me to do. Shortly thereafter the first foster children came.

When was that?

In 1928 the sheriff found a couple of abandoned babies and my husband told him, "My wife will take care of them." After that anyone with a child needing care came to us. I always felt God guided me into this. It was a calling, like the ministry.

Whom would you encourage to become foster parents?

I think that many young couples would want to consider foster care as a fine opportunity to increase the size of their families without contributing to the overpopulation of the world. Foster care can also provide the answer for the family of limited means who cannot afford to support a large number of children, since the actual living expenses, including medical care and clothing, are provided by the agency. One also receives the counseling of well-trained social workers to aid in solving the many problems that come up.

A foster parent has to be someone who likes children and working with them. I think it's revolting to see someone carry a poodle around, making over it instead of helping a helpless baby. People who are selfish wouldn't find it rewarding. I also think that people who take children to get work out of them are bad. There's not enough money in it to make anyone do it for the money.

How do prospective foster parents go about contacting a reputable agency?

They might watch their paper for local needs of private agencies, or they might go through their pastor

(although in our experience not too many pastors knew a great deal about welfare). Or they can contact their local state welfare office.

What advice would you give foster parents-to-be?

The main thing—don't start something you don't want to keep up. If a child does something wrong, correct him at once. Here's some old-fashioned advice: show patience, give love, and treat them as if they are your own children.

In no way set them apart from your own children, either in dress, the way in which you handle allowances and lunch money, discipline, or privileges extended according to their age and ability. As long as they are with you, the foster child is just as much a part of the family as anyone else, goes along on vacation trips, to church, visiting grandparents—everywhere.

Society has a condescending attitude toward the capabilities required for child rearing. Young women think it cannot provide gratification. We need to change our attitudes. Raising a fine family is an accomplishment to be admired.

One goal we always had, from which we never departed until my illness, was this: Never request that any child be removed from our home until the agency had a permanent home for the child or had made other plans in his best interest.

Why is this so important?

We were told in the beginning that most children coming to us would bring with them problems, fears, and anxieties resulting from their earlier life of insecurity. So we felt we could most help the children by grappling with these problems to the best of our ability rather than "giving up" in a moment of frustration and necessitating a series of moves for the child from one foster home to another.

What is the hardest part of being a foster parent?

Giving up a child. But the agency does help us by letting us know about the child's progress for at least several months after he is removed from our home. Also we look forward to the coming of each new child to help us fill the emptiness left by the one who has gone.

How has being foster parents affected your lives?

We particularly enjoyed children because it included us in PTA and community activities that we would have been left out of otherwise. We helped with parties, picnics, and such things that otherwise we wouldn't have had the chance to do. We always took the children with us wherever we went.

More than that, you're conscious of a new feeling for other people. You begin to see life as Christ does, and it will take on a joyous new meaning for you. You'll be conscious of new beauty, happiness, and emotions you never knew before. This beautiful new life is one of God's richest gifts to foster parents. □

An End to 'White Racism'

By H. B. Sissel

THE TITLE is not intended to convey the impression that any really decisive improvements have taken place in the pattern of race relations or in the racial attitudes of white Americans. It is intended to suggest that the term *white racism* should be dropped, at least until the fever in our society goes down a bit. In fact, the use of the term appears increasingly unhelpful at best and positively harmful at worst.

First, and most obviously, it is trite. It has become a cliché—along with such expressions as *doing your thing* and *hang-up*. The difference is that these and a dozen others like them have become merely tiresome while *white racism* as a cliché carries more emotional freight than one term can carry without breaking down.

Second, the term has almost as many meanings as there are people who use it or hear it or see it in print. It doesn't communicate, even among people of the same race. It is far less useful than *black power*, which has, one may assume, a fairly clear meaning among black people—at least until they explain it to white people.

Third, *white racism* when it is used as a synonym for bigotry (by no means its only meaning) has a tendency to inflame those people who most need to face and understand their own bigotry. And precisely because the term makes them angry, they are thereby less able to understand their own feelings and attitudes, much less to deal with them creatively.

Fourth, when the term is used as a synonym for something other than bigotry, it tends to confuse, even threaten, the person with not even an ounce of bigotry in him. Confused or threatened people cannot be very helpful people. In fact, the more confused and threatened they feel, the more defensive and the less creative they become. Some of them even begin to sound as if they actually were moderate bigots. A few do become bigots. If, as it has been argued, these people were really bigots all the time and didn't know it, that is beside the point. The point is that once a person who doesn't act like a bigot begins to sound like one and thinks he is being treated like one, he is only a short distance from acting like one.

It may well be that no one can grow up white in this country without having at least an unconscious, latent suspicion that he is superior to black people. That idea has been asserted at least as often as the corresponding proposition that one cannot grow up black in this country without at least an unconscious, latent suspicion that he is inferior to white folks. But a considerable number of black people would undoubtedly repudiate that assertion. (To accept it, after all, would be to acknowledge their own feeling of inferiority.) A considerable number of white people would also repudiate the first assertion. (To accept it would be to acknowledge their own feeling of superiority.)

But this is all only a play on words, and America's race problems are not simply verbal problems. They have substance. They carry a real, not merely a felt, threat. They cry out urgently for solutions. (There is probably no one solution, unless one simply says there is only one problem and labels it *white racism*, which is a popular and dangerous way of "dealing with" America's race problems.)

Words by themselves do not solve race problems. A good case could be made for the assertion that words by themselves (especially verbal promises that weren't kept) have hurt more than they have helped. This is all the more reason that people who care need to choose their words carefully, drop some of them from their vocabularies, and even occasionally do one of the hardest things—keep their mouths shut.

Now I will get back to the thesis that the term *white racism* should be laid aside for a while. At a seminar I attended an effort was made to give a precise definition of the term: "White racism is not to be thought of as attitude—prejudice—inside the skins of white people. White racism is here to be thought of as structures, patterns, or institutions—systems is the in word—that are so arranged as to give black people practical disadvantage in employment, education, housing, health, participation in the decision-making processes that affect the way they live and die. These same arrangements work out to the practical advantage of white people."

The seminar's kick-off presentation attempted to show how and why these arrangements worked. It also attempted to show how white prejudice not only made the changing of them difficult but also tended to reinforce and perpetuate them. Then came the discussion.

The group was racially mixed and above average in both intelligence and knowledge. But within ten minutes *white racism* was being used interchangeably to mean both "prejudice" and "racist structures." Nobody actually called anybody a "racist." But the inferences were there. The meeting broke up late with everybody feeling frustrated, defeated, guilty, threatened, and confused.

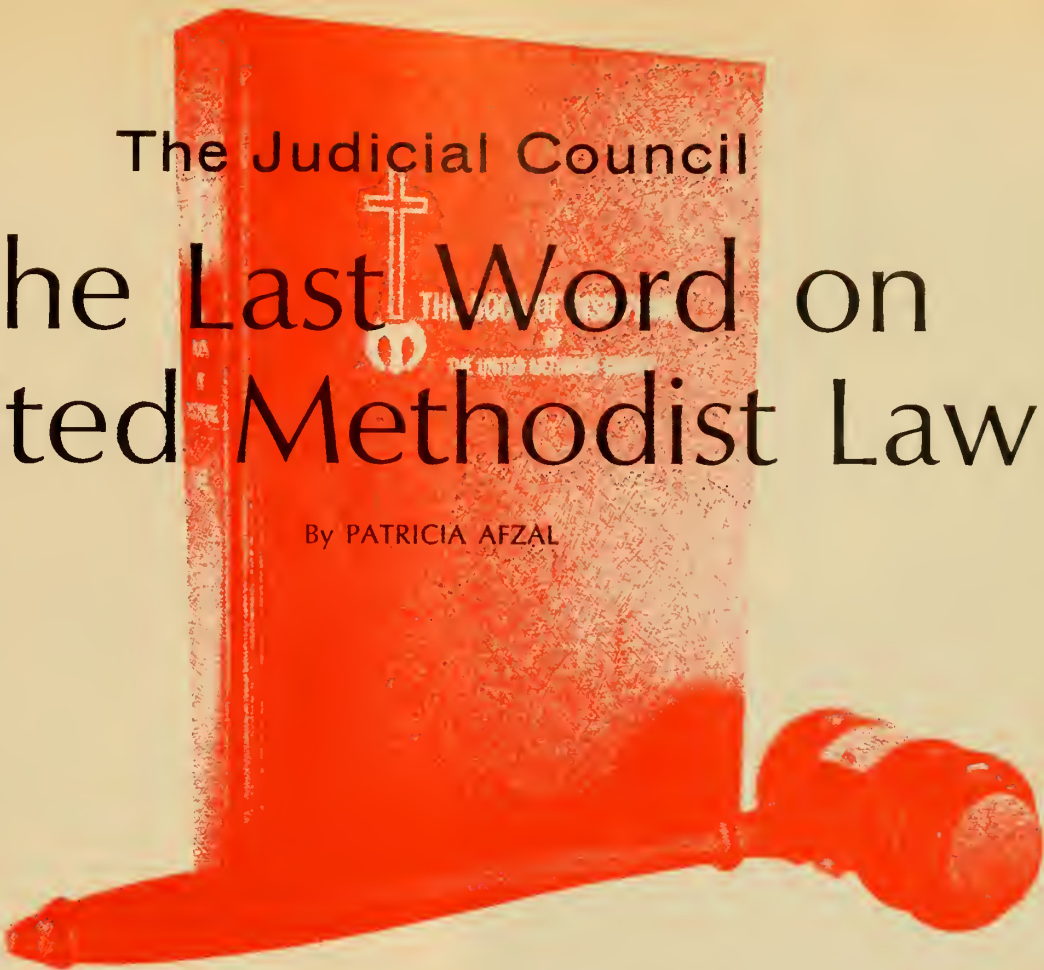
So regardless of what the term means, it is becoming increasingly clear that its use is neither helpful nor illuminating. It has served its purpose. The problems it refers to are real, and words are necessary for people to communicate with each other about dealing with them. But if people cannot learn either about themselves or the problems because of the words they use, they can hardly hope to deal with either.

So laying aside the term might be a modest step. But if we cannot bring ourselves or others to drop the term, and if it continues to be used interchangeably as a synonym for both internal attitudes and external structures, then at least we might bear in mind a rather simple formula:

One can be a racist without being a bigot. But one cannot be a bigot without being a racist.

Better to drop the term altogether. Let there be an end to white racism! □

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The Judicial Council The Last Word on United Methodist Law

By PATRICIA AFZAL

ANY COMMUNITY of people—a village, a tribe, a college fraternity, a nation—must devise some method of settling disputes, establishing precedent, and interpreting decisions which affect its members' relationships with one another.

In The United Methodist Church, a worldwide community of 11 million members, these democratic processes are handled at the highest levels by the Judicial Council. This nine-member body, perhaps the least known branch of the denomination's "government," is one of the most powerful agencies in the church, its final arbiter.

To many persons any type of court in a religious body must seem misplaced. However the Judicial Council never operates as a trial court, only as a body interpreting the church's laws on appeal or request. It leaves the handling of accusations against ministerial and lay members or trial situations to lower-level church authorities.

Most of the 359 decisions rendered by the Judicial Council during its 33-year history in the former Methodist Church and continuing, uniquely, in The United Methodist Church, have concerned such subjects as clergy status, pension matters, and the powers of annual conferences. Few have aroused wide interest across the church. But several cases have established landmark precedents and caused controversy in the process.

One such instance was the council's decision that the action of the 1968 General Conference supporting the right of civil disobedience was not unconstitutional. In an outright contrast to opinions voiced by many leading churchmen and by a good many of the church's constituents, the council said that "The Rule of Law and the Right of Dissent" does not urge disrespect for the law. The

council further stated that the "Rights" document, though adopted by the General Conference, was "not a mandate to church members to indulge in nonviolent civil disobedience."

A 1969 decision, on a completely different level, took a radical step away from church tradition by ruling that an annual conference may not require a candidate to abstain from alcohol or tobacco in order to qualify for ordination. The 1968 conference had removed from ministerial vows the ban on use of alcohol and tobacco.

These cases reflect the variety of those heard by the council. The number of cases heard is limited by a "minimum level of standing" required for those individuals or groups eligible to submit appeals. And the council must decide for itself whether it can legally accept jurisdiction over an appeal or petition, a decision which depends most frequently on the legal status of the petitioner. No individual, for example, can petition for a ruling except as an appeal from a church trial court.

By disciplinary requirement the Judicial Council must act on all decisions of law made by a bishop. It also must determine the constitutionality of proposed legislation at the request of the Council of Bishops or of any General, central, or jurisdictional conference and of jurisdictional conference committees on appeals. The council can be called upon, too, to rule on the *Discipline* or on General Conference acts when petitioned by an annual conference or general agency of the church.

Though every member of the council studies each case, the president also assigns two members to draft preliminary analyses and opinions. Usually these two, working independently of each other, arrive at the same general conclusion. Occasionally they oppose each other,

in either event their findings are reported back to the council which may reach a decision that approves or modifies any preliminary approach or one that embarks on a new basis altogether.

In most cases decisions are unanimous, or at least without recorded opposition. But dissent is possible, and it reached a high point in 1965 when one of the earliest questions concerning desegregation of annual conferences arose. A slim five-man majority of the council ruled that a two-thirds majority agreement of voting members present in the involved conferences could effect transfer and merger. Two of the council majority filed a concurring opinion expressing their feeling that the decision was in the right direction but "did not deal fully with the problem." The minority filed two dissents.

Unlike its somewhat comparable body, the U.S. Supreme Court, the Judicial Council has no hall of justice or formal headquarters in which to meet. Instead, the council moves to a new location in the United States for each of its semiannual meetings. It does not have an office or paid staff.

All travel, living, and other connectional expenses of council members during sessions are covered by an annual allotment from the General Administration Fund. Of a total \$1.5 million apportioned from that fund for each year of the 1973-76 quadrennium, the Judicial Council is to receive \$9,000 annually. (A \$6,500 annual allotment to the council for the 1968-72 quadrennium failed to cover expenses.)

The first outline for a Judicial Council was written into the Plan of Union of 1918-20 which would have joined the former Methodist Episcopal Church and the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Negotiations between the two churches failed, but the idea of a Judicial Council remained intact and was adopted in 1934 by the Southern church.

When The Methodist Church was created in 1939, the reunited Methodists adopted the council as did the 1968 Uniting Conference of The United Methodist Church. (Judicial procedures in the former Evangelical United Brethren Church [EUB] relating to church trials dealing with charges against individual lay persons or clergy had been handled through annual-conference judicial committees or courts of appeal. While that denomination had no body comparable to the present Judicial Council, the Board of Bishops had the power to decide by majority vote all disputed questions of church law and the interpretation of the EUB *Discipline*, subject to review and approval by the General Conference.)

Over the years the makeup of the Judicial Council has slowly changed from all-white, male, and over-40 to one of considerably more variety. The council's first black member, J. Ernest Wilkins of the Lexington Conference, was elected in 1948 in compliance with a now defunct disciplinary requirement that all jurisdictions, including the former Central Jurisdiction, be represented. Mr. Wilkins has been succeeded by two other black men, Theodore M. Berry, the council's present vice-president, elected in 1960 and reelected in 1968, and the Rev. Charles B. Copher, elected in 1968.

Another change came in 1968 when the first woman member, Mrs. Kathryn Grove, a former EUB from Philadelphia, was elected. In 1972, a black woman, Attorney Florence Z. Lucas of New York, took a council seat. And

when the 1972 General Conference did away with the minimum-age (40) requirement, a 38-year-old Louisiana attorney, Thomas H. Matheny, was elected.

Members of the Judicial Council are ineligible for simultaneous service in other general church agencies. They are elected by the General Conference for eight-year terms. A person may not be elected after attaining age 70. Of the council's nine members, five must be ministers, the other four, lay persons. Members are nominated both by the Council of Bishops and from the General Conference floor. (Mrs. Grove and Mr. Matheny are two of the three members ever elected on nominations from the floor. The Rev. Murray Leiffer, the council's immediate past president, was elected on a floor nomination in 1964 and served eight years.)

During the past 33 years 38 persons have served actively on the Judicial Council. The last of the original members chosen in 1939, Judge Marvin Childers of San Antonio, Texas, died a few years ago, leaving his 17-year record of service unchallenged. Four have died during their terms and two have resigned. Several have been reelected, and at least two members have served a term, been off for a few years, and then returned by reelection.

Members during the current quadrennium are:

The Rev. Ralph M. Houston, Hempstead, N.Y., pastor. Council president; elected to membership in 1952, in 1960 chosen as an alternate, resumed his seat in 1966 due to a death and was reelected in 1968.

Theodore M. Berry, Cincinnati, Ohio, attorney. Council vice-president. Recently spent several years in Washington, D.C., as assistant director for Community Action Programs in the Office of Economic Opportunity. To become mayor of Cincinnati as of December 1, 1972.

Mrs. Kathryn Grove, Philadelphia, Pa. Council secretary, former missionary, the last national president of the former EUB Women's Society of World Service.

The Rev. Charles B. Copher, Atlanta, Ga., dean of Interdenominational Theological Center. Former professor and dean of Gammon Theological Seminary. Elected in 1968.

The Rev. I. Lynd Esch, Indianapolis, Ind., retired president of Indiana Central College. Has 20 years experience in labor arbitration. Elected in 1968.

Mrs. Florence Z. Lucas, New York, N.Y., attorney. First woman deputy commissioner of the New York State Division of Human Rights.

Thomas H. Matheny, Hammond, La., attorney. Member, Louisiana Supreme Court's committee on penal reform; president, Louisiana Mental Health Association.

The Rev. Truman W. Potter, Charleston, W.Va., pastor. Former president, Methodist Council on Evangelism; executive committee, Board of Evangelism, 1968-72. Elected in 1972.

The Rev. Hoover Rupert, Ann Arbor, Mich., pastor. Director of youth work in the Board of Education of the former Methodist Church. Former chairman, Michigan Area Commission of Higher Education. Elected in 1968, reelected in 1972.

These are the nine people presently entrusted with making many decisions on United Methodist law. The nature of their jurisdiction makes them a powerful group. But they are also a democratic body, a protection agency for the rights of every member and every group in one of the world's largest Christian denominations. □

THE VIOLENCE MAKERS

By LEONARD FREEMAN

ON THE huge, wide screen, two men wrestle for possession of a shotgun. It goes off. With a sudden camera switch to slow motion and close up, there is the incredibly graphic imagery of what happens when exploding metal is impeded in its flight by bone and blood and living tissue. Purplish-crimson flak spatters the screen, and a mass of what was human hurtles into a heap. Smoke rises from burn-charred cloth and flesh.

It's Saturday night at the movies, and the violence has begun.

Whether it is blood and guts or an extra beating or two, or maybe a little torture and rape, in movie house after movie house across the land scenes like this one from the currently popular *Straw Dogs* are bathing the movie-going public in a wallow of gore.

The violence comes in a variety of forms. Some of it slides past in the guise of "realism"; some of it postures to significance as satire (a la *A Clockwork Orange* and *M.A.S.H.*). Elsewhere, as in the James Bond film *Diamonds Are Forever*, and *The Godfather*, all pretense of message is dropped and violence comes on straight—to be "enjoyed" for itself as fun and fantasy for the masses. Whatever its format, gore is "in" on the American screen.

In some respects, of course, violence has never been off the American screen. The first mass-medium film, *The Great Train Robbery*, included several shootings, beatings, and fistfights within its 10 to 12-minute span. The gangster films of the 1920s and '30s filled the screen with spraying bullets, as did the Westerns and war epics of later years. And the biggest box-office grosser of all time,

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In *The Godfather* a Mafia don's heir administers a beating to his brother-in-law. This film is a runaway box-office success.

Gone With the Wind, included memorable scenes of mass carnage and devastation.

But significant differences do appear between the current incarnations of violence on the screen and those past. The most early identifiable difference is in degree.

Increasingly, acts of violence or brutality appear on film in graphic, mind-blowing detail. Thus, while many past films have included the horrors of inquisition or torture as part of their plot, few if any have ever come close to the gruesome explicitness of a recent Ken Russell film, *The Devils*. In it the viewer is treated to the sight of a man being burned to death. The skin on the victim's face blackens and chars, the fat boils and bursts. That kind of



Enough stress can arouse a beast in the mildest man, according to *Straw Dogs*. Dustin Hoffman (center) is the scholar who becomes a violent killer.

explicit violence has heretofore escaped the public screen.

Why are contemporary film makers so heavily into violence as a theme, and explicit violence as a technique? There are several answers.

The obvious one is money: violence sells. The film industry long ago lost to television its role as "purveyor of pleasurable pap for the masses." It can no longer put out innocuous films and make big money. After all, who would pay \$2.50 week after week to see *The Beverly Hillbillies* when you can get it on television for free?

To pull us out of our warm, cozy houses, away from our free entertainment, to pay for their product, the film makers have to touch us in some pretty deep and important places. What moves us that basically? According to psychologists, there's sex, and aggression, and hunger. And isn't that a good description of precisely what's going on down at your local movie theaters?

Beyond that, some deeper reasons exist for the current cinematic violence trend. These have to do with where we are as a people. Violence is an area, if not *the* area, of vital concern to our current culture because of our apparent inability to control it in ourselves and in others. On both a personal and a social level the breakdown of restraint and reason as tools and guidelines for problem-solving, and the resort to violence, is a horribly disturbing fact of life for modern humans. It is a frightening phenomenon. We want to know why it is happening and what to do about it. Film makers and other media people, sensitive to where people are, are stepping into the breach with their analyses of the whys.

A goodly number of current films such as *A Clockwork Orange*, *Dirty Harry*, *Straw Dogs*, and *The Nightcomers*, therefore, appear to be conscious attempts to explore the roots of violence. Although they differ in their analyses, they all coincide on one unfortunate fact. They include some of the most brutal film footage ever unleashed on the public.

Some film makers, like Sam Peckinpah, director of *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs* (both of which include prolonged, slow-motion, closeup, bloodbath finales), see their use of explicit gore as a conscious tool in dealing with the violence issue. You rub people's noses in it so that they might be repulsed by it.

I question, however, whether the overdone-violence technique actually accomplishes anything close to those purposes. Some people swear off all right, but they swear off all films and continue with their day-to-day violence. Others, rather than swearing off, acquire a taste. A particularly disturbing trend is the emergence of a growing cult of violence-pornography.

Another claim for film violence is that it provides catharsis—a way for tapping off some of the hostility and pressure of our frustration-laden society.

There is indeed a role for safe channels of pressure release in our society. But the jury is still out as to whether explicit film violence is in fact as harmless and safe as claimed. At what point, for example, does cinematic gore actually begin to shape and alter the viewer's perception, raping his or her senses into accepting a portrait of perversion as a vision of truth?

At least one attempt is being made to control the rush to "gruesome gulch." The Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) rating system has begun an attempt to police its industry by granting ratings on the basis of violence as well as sex. According to James Bouras of the MPAA's New York office, several major motion pictures were given an R rating (down from an initial X rating) only after a number of explicit and prolonged scenes of brutality were deleted. Since an X rating does inhibit paying attendance by barring those under 18, and it has distinct repercussions of where a film might end up being shown, it does provide a good deal of economic pressure on film makers to exercise some restraint.

Beyond this, little is being done. But before we rush to figure out things to do, perhaps we should stop and explore more carefully what this film trend is telling us and why we want to squelch it.

Three major themes are coming through in film violence, and they should be of particular interest for Christians. One is disillusionment with ourselves—that is with man as an individual. The second is disillusionment and frustration with our society. The third is a real sense of hopelessness.

Disillusionment with ourselves comes through with great power in several films, notably *A Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs*. The liberal-humanist vision of man as essentially good has been knocked cockeyed.

Stanley Kubrick, the director of *Clockwork*, has proclaimed loud and long that he believes something in man himself lies at the root of our violence. He sees man as "an ignoble savage—brutal, silly, weak—unable to be objective about anything where his own interests are involved." Likewise director Sam Peckinpah, in *Straw Dogs*, unveils the "beast" in an apparently otherwise passive and peaceful human being. He implies that some kind of territorial imperative about the home brings it out, but it is clear he thinks that the primitive killer in all of us is waiting to surface no matter how civilized we think we are.

In one sense what we have here is a rediscovery of original sin by a culture which thought it had outgrown such primitive notions of reality. From our flight into Camelot on the wings of man, and the notion that "there is no such thing as a bad boy," we are being brought down hard.

Other films reflect disillusionment with the promise of society, and indict it as the warping source of our violence. *Dirty Harry*, nominally a slick Clint Eastwood detective thriller, does a masterful job of laying out the inability of liberal society to deal effectively with primitive man. As Harry goes out to track down a psychopathic killer, his superior tells him, "Remember, he's not an animal." In its refusal to deal with man as he really is—an animal, in fact—society renders itself impotent to deal effectively with animal violence.

Likewise, Kubrick's *Clockwork* views society as being as corrupt as the individual. He sees it as merely a group of corrupt individuals without even the restraints of individual conscience.

While this despairing view of man and his society may sound awfully close to Christian statements about original sin, one important and significant difference exists. The secular film version, unhooked from any Christian roots, has no gospel, no hope. When modern man bought into

the humanist ideal and wrote off the transcendent God for all except the most highly domesticated religious purposes, he bought himself into a closed system.

With the failure of both the individual and society, we have no place to go. The new model doesn't work and we're mad as hell.

"I'll have an answer or I'll have blood," screams old Tom in *Straw Dogs*, and we yell right along with him. Since our closed secular model doesn't and can't provide any final answers, we get blood every time.

The old Westerns and detective stories had plenty of falling bodies, but they appealed primarily to your hopes—hopes for the white-hatted hero, or for the triumph of good over evil. In contemporary films pointless violence occurs in ever-widening circles that go nowhere. No one survives physically or psychically. By film's end everyone is either destroyed or corrupted. Contemporary film violence is without hope.

We have to be honest about why we want to do something about film violence. Are we again trying to ignore original sin? To deny that man has a basically aggressive nature and a need to channel or sublimate it? In trying to eliminate or censor film violence are we simply trying to deny an ugly part of ourselves rather than deal with it?

Once we have faced up to that, we have at least one practical reason to limit the level of explicit brutality acceptable on film.

Most communications experts agree that there is a point beyond which video media actually begin to support, encourage, and to some extent create feelings. Video technology and artistry do possess the power to stimulate and motivate us to action; to tap into parts of us that were dormant, and thereby create needs in us of which we were previously unaware.

The film maker should have the right to shock us and to communicate his message with power. But he does not have the right to tyrannize us.

We might well consider supporting study toward development of guidelines for determining the exact point at which our video technology crosses the line from openness to manipulation. And we should make some effort to see that such data gets put to use.

But all that is on the symptom level. We Christians are uniquely set up to do some things before that.

In a sense reel violence, as a reflection of real violence, is a cry for the gospel. The gospel alone can lighten that dark portrait of man, and do so with a hope that does not have to deny anything about man in the process.

For Christians, original sin and man's apparent inability to save himself is not exactly joyful news. "If that's all there is," as Peggy Lee sings, then we really are the most miserable of creatures.

For the closed system of secular society, unfortunately, the message stops with sin. The players bat the ball back and forth—first the individual blaming the society, then the society blaming the individual—but the end result is nothing. But that's not all there is. For Christians, original sin is just the setup for the gospel, the good news of concrete hope.

Christians have some inputs of real power to offer amid the disillusionment and despair film violence bespeaks—insights into the nature of man—and the hope of God in Christ. We must not overlook or underplay the gospel or the hope. □

On the Death of Eagles

By WILLIAM E. GRUBER

THE NEWS that day was of the deaths of eagles. Far from the smoke and noise of New York City, 2,000 miles to the west in the vast Wyoming wilderness, the carcasses of more than 20 bald and golden eagles had been discovered. The eagles—whose dwindling numbers threatened to make them only a memory—had all been poisoned.

That Saturday in New York the weather was muggy and hot. My wife and I, bucking traffic to Jones Beach, found a frightening demonstration of just how little open recreation space is left in many parts of the earth. For miles in each direction the beach was literally covered with people. We found an empty patch of sand to spread our towels and had just settled down when we heard excited shouts. A small crowd was gathering at the water's edge.

"Look," Nancy said. "That man's caught something."

I saw the young man from the family next to us walk out of the water and up the beach toward us, proudly holding at arm's length a big brown horseshoe crab. He carried it to where his wife, two little boys, and two old women were sitting and dropped it in the sand in front of their blanket.

The crab lay in the bone white sand, glistening in the sun and dripping sea water, slowly moving its long spiked tail. The boys and their father huddled over it and stared. Then the man bent down and flipped it over on its rounded back. Immobilized like an overturned turtle, the crab was stranded, its legs churning uselessly toward the sky.

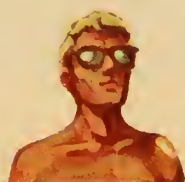
"How long do you think they'll torment that poor thing?" Nancy asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "There isn't any sense to it, is there?"

"It's perverse. Someone ought to go over there and stop it."

"Do you think we have the right to interfere?"

She shook her head sadly. "Somebody has to interfere," she said. "Don't they realize that this has to stop or some morning we'll wake up and there just won't be any living things left?"



She was right. There was far more at stake than the life of one crab, even more than the lives of 20 eagles. But I felt powerless to do anything except to watch and to share the crab's agony. Living in a large city tends to make you feel helpless. There are too many people and too many problems and too many things crying for immediate attention and too little time to work anything out. If you live in a city for too long, you can easily become a cynic.

For many minutes the man and the two boys continued their games of torment, poking and prodding and inspecting the crab. Half a dozen times I started to get up, and half a dozen times I stopped myself. As the crab lay in the baking-hot sun, I ran through the possible ways I could act to prevent just one more senseless killing of a living thing. I considered asking the man if he planned to eat the crab, hoping that would make him realize that to kill without necessity was wrong. I thought of pointing out to him that the crab would soon die if it was not returned to the water. I toyed with the notion of simply walking over, picking up the crab and returning it wordlessly to the sea. But each time I convinced myself that I had to do something, I balked.

I balked partly because I feared a serious misunderstanding, an argument, or worse. After all, we had both come to the beach to get relief from the heat and tensions of life in the inner city. The beach was no place to continue that life. Besides, from what I could hear, the family spoke no English. Their skins were dark, and mine was white. The thought of one more white man telling them what to do with their lives made me hesitate. If you are a city dweller, you soon learn to mind your own business, no matter what you see, no matter what the cost. Finders keepers, I said to myself, and by that law the crab was his. I had no right to interfere.

And finally, I did nothing partly because something told me to wait, warning me that what I was watching had to do with far more than just one man and one crab.

The man and his sons played with the crab for a while longer, and then lost interest. The boys returned to the ocean for more swimming, the man sat down on the blanket. He broke open cans of soft drink and passed sandwiches around. The crab was apparently forgotten.

I watched in sadness as the sun dried up the last spots of water on its shell. The crab ceased to writhe and tucked its legs up close to its belly in the position of death. How long would it be before the delicate tissues and membranes that took oxygen from sea water ceased to function? How long before the complex process of life came to an end? How long before the flies came to swarm over the lifeless body?

As I sat there and watched, I grew profoundly depressed. Eagles poisoned by thallium sulfate in the wilderness of Wyoming. A crab left to die on a New York beach. It all fit together. It was all part of the same story. It was all the same mindless destruction, and it made me sick.

Nancy stood up. "I'm going swimming," she said. "I don't want to watch any more."

I nodded slowly, my attention still fixed on the crab. "I'll be along in a little while."

The two boys came back and began to wrestle on the sand. The man and woman talked in a loud and constant babble I could not understand. Then there was silence.

The man who had found the crab ran his hands through the sand and stared out to sea. Then suddenly he got up, brushed sand off his arms and legs, and went over to the crab. He bent over and poked it. The crab moved its legs once more. The man stooped, picked it up, and carried it to the water. He set the crab down again in the shallows and stood watching.

A wave came sliding in and washed gently over the crab's dried-up shell. As the water receded the pull of the backwash sucked the crab a few inches into the sea. Another wave came in, and another, and each time the pull of the water lifted and drew it farther out. The crab lurched and rocked, its legs slowly beginning to feel their way. Then one wave, bigger than the rest, broke over it and when the foam dissolved, the crab was gone.

Soon Nancy came back from her swim. "Where's the crab?" she asked.

"He returned it," I said, pointing to the sea.

"He did? Did you say anything?"

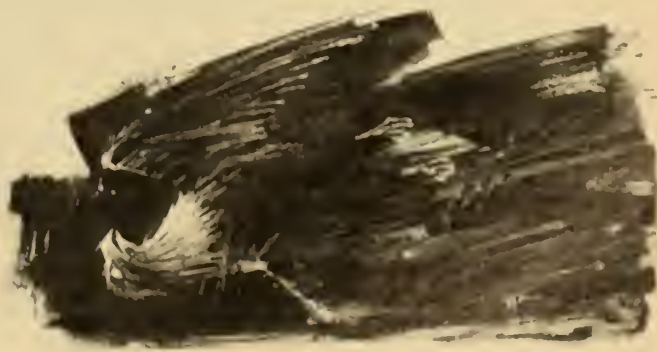
"No," I said. "He did it by himself. I wish you had been here. I think I just saw something of a miracle."

In the beauty and grandeur of the Wyoming back-country someone shoots antelope out of season. He loads the carcasses with deadly thallium sulfate and the eagles die. And on a crowded New York beach another man humbly returns one dying horseshoe crab to the sea.

Maybe, like a well-disciplined child, he simply remembered to return one more unwanted plaything to its place. Maybe he read the anger and concern in the eyes of the people near him. Maybe one of the women scolded him in the wise old way of women who know that all men are little boys and play too often and too lightly with death.

Or maybe, just maybe, one lonely man on Jones Beach—acting out of the deep but sometimes forgotten knowledge that nature does not waste life—was suddenly touched with reverence for the right of one horseshoe crab to live.

Maybe, just maybe, there is still time. □





"The cycle club was totally my idea," Pastor Rector (above) admits unapologetically.

Preacher Bob's Cycle Club

Text by MARTHA A. LANE
Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

SENIOR citizens sponsoring a motorcycle race? A preacher who leads a cycle club? A preacher's wife who has her own motorbike? Not likely—unless you are from St. John, Wash.

The fellow responsible for these "unlikelies" in St. John is the Rev. Robert (Bob) Rector, 28-year-old pastor of the town's United Methodist church. "I guess the motorcycle club was totally my idea," he admits, not too apologetically. "I had a motorcycle and dreamed of a trail-ride club for a long time. I just went to everybody with a bike and said, 'How many of you guys are interested in starting a club?' Almost instantly we had about 15 kids."

That was three years ago, soon after Bob was graduated from Iliff School of Theology in Denver—and after he had received his church board's permission to organize a church-sponsored motorcycle club.

To join the Wheelie Association, a teen-ager must have a bike and \$1.50 for annual dues. Club rules are few—wear boots and safety helmets at all times, attend worship service the Sunday before a race if you want to be eligible for trophies, and no riding on roads. (Few of these cycles are licensed so bikes are transported to races and club outings by truck.)

Pastor Rector is the first to admit that getting the young teen-agers (most are 13 or 14) into church has not made for a religious revival: "My reason for having them come is simply to have them experience it. Most have never been in a worship service before. The ones I started with—they are older teens and have all graduated now—never would have come any other way. Now they're acquainted with the church, know what happens, feel that the church is sort of on their side."

The Wheelie Association has three or four races a year. The "Senior Citizens Classic" last April 5 was typical. The day before, half a dozen shovel-wielding cyclists worked over the half-mile track which is about seven miles from town "where they won't disturb other people."

On race day, preliminary events—



Club members must attend worship services the Sunday before a race to be eligible for prizes. Many of the riders had not participated in a church service before joining the club.

a "wheelie" contest (rear wheel only, feet can't touch the ground) and short races—got under way shortly after one o'clock. Then came the main race, a one-hour marathon, to benefit the senior-citizen group in

St. John. Senior citizens previously had collected pledges of 3¢ to 6¢ for each lap their rider completed. The hour's ride netted nearly \$150 for their group's activities.

Service projects are not new to



these cyclists. An earlier marathon raised \$530 for Church World Service. Club members also have mowed the church lawn, helped tear up and replace a sidewalk, and re-roofed the church kitchen.

The club was formed for outings not racing, and such events still are the year's highlights. Spring vacation finds the group camping along the Snake River or exploring the Blue Mountains. Every camp-out has set times for pastor-led discussions about God and the church.

Only three basic things are needed for clubs like his, Bob Rector says—plenty of room to ride where the noise will not bother people, a means of transporting the bikes, and an interested adult. He says little

Club service projects have ranged from a marathon race that netted \$530 for Church World Service to repairing a broken neon cross on the church (far right).

Last April the boys raced to benefit a senior-citizen club.

While one rider whizzes by, adults tally the laps completed by "their" boys (above). Spills like the one at right are rare as many curves and jumps built into the course keep speeds low.



danger is involved in trail riding or in racing if the track has plenty of curves to keep the speed down. In three years the Wheelie Association has had no serious injuries. Still, parents sign a form absolving church and pastor of responsibility for accidents.

"We found community response to be genuinely warm," the young pastor told us. "Even the people who thought the church was here only for funerals appreciate our attempt to join with this segment of youth. The goodwill produced has been an enthusiastic shot in the arm."

Then he confessed another reason he approves of bike clubs: "The minister who likes to ride a motorcycle now has a legitimate way to do it!" □



I'm Through With Church Work

By BEA HAMMOND

FOR MORE THAN 25 hectic years I baked brownies, served turkey dinners, decoupaged wastebaskets, decorated Christmas candles, chauffeured youth groups, led discussions, manned the thrift shop, and brewed enough coffee to inundate Connecticut. In my spare time I groped my way up the ladder of church offices from clean-up-the-kitchen chairman to president of the women's association.

During most of these years I never was completely free from the nagging question, "Why do I continue to involve myself in such fruitless activities which have narrowed my spiritual horizons to the point where my most common emotions are frustration, frenzy, and fatigue?"

It took a quarter of a century for me to reach the conclusion that the question would never be resolved satisfactorily, and frankly I only regret the delay. However, once I made up my mind that there was no good answer, I did go into action. I submitted mass resignations from all committees and offices. I also returned to college to see if I could make some sort of worthwhile contribution to society. Now I have a master's degree in library science and am quite excited by my new "after fifty" career.

From the furor my abdication caused among the sisterhood, one would have thought that I was an overage militant who had planted a bomb under the church steps.

From my observations, women's organizations in churches and otherwise are completely out of touch with the reality of the world around them and provide nice snug security blankets for those who like to feel they are discharging a token obligation to society while strenuously resisting change.

My cynicism does not stem from the tenet of the Women's Lib Movement that those engaged in volunteer work are demeaning womanhood. I do not feel inferior because I have not been paid a salary for using my small talents to help others, but I do get infuriated at all the "wheel spinning" I have done merely to perpetuate the "Christian worker" myth.

According to many eminent religious leaders, the churches experienced a renaissance in the 1950s and '60s. Construction was at an all-time high, in suburbia at least, and storefront churches appeared in the inner cities. Formal worship patterns unbent enough to introduce folk singing, rock festivals, and individually written marriage services. Younger members were investigating Zen and I Ching. After the God-is-dead issue died, religion was being equated with relevancy. But despite this apparent breaking of old molds, the average woman church worker has not changed.

I have long been puzzled over the apparent dichotomy

of church objectives. Is the primary one to build an edifice to compete with or, better yet, dwarf the newly completed one in a more affluent suburb? Could it be to erect sprawling educational buildings with foam cushions and diffuse lighting to render Christian teaching more palatable and painless? Exactly what relationship does this preoccupation with size and comfort bear to the avowed purpose of the church—the worship of God? Once this was the primary reason for its existence.

It is disheartening to have to admit that the church has apparently abandoned all hope of feeding our spiritual needs without first satisfying our material wants. In this respect denomination vies with denomination and church with church. The old yardstick of measurement of the effectiveness of Christian teaching by the manner in which members apply it to daily living has been discarded. Measurement is through concrete achievements and piles of statistics—height of spires, square feet of floor space, number of classrooms, and weekly attendance.

This intense preoccupation with construction, expansion, and attendance has left its mark on the church family. We may be spiritually stunted, but we are fast becoming the most ingenious and successful fund raisers in the country—especially the women. We not only knit, bake, promote bazaars and rummage sales, man thrift shops, and serve spaghetti suppers, but we buy cosmetics, jewelry, greeting cards, and household gadgets to keep the coffers filled while depleting our own.

Our sins of commission in the money-raising arena would be less serious than they are if our motives were less petty. For our projects are not intended primarily to clothe the needy, feed the hungry, or comfort the afflicted. Rather, we lean toward avocado kitchen equipment, area rugs, and Scotchgarded lounge furniture.

If statistics are to be believed, there are more than 10 million Protestant churchwomen actively engaged in such projects. I can hear their concerted protests, "But you're being unfair—we don't spend all our time raising money!" They are quite correct. Some of our time is spent wrestling with a rudimentary form of mental gymnastics known as study groups. This is an area in which I dare speak as an expert. For years I've been a front-row participant, and a group leader more times than I care to remember. Although lately some of the less conservative members of our group have been referring to these gatherings as "encounters" or "rap sessions," let me assure you that the format and attention span has not changed in 20 years.

It is not my intention to put down group leaders. They are willing, well-intentioned members who, after poring for an hour or so over the guides and question-and-an-

swer sheets, attempt to capsule a semester's course into one half-hour period. Rarely are they or their audience sufficiently trained or interested in the subject, and the discussion soon veers onto baby-sitting problems, self-cleaning ovens, and mini vs. midi.

Churchwomen, too, are as prone to the same internal organization squabbles as any clubwomen. Yet somehow, the pointless bickering in the women's association is far more irritating than that found in the garden club. But inasmuch as laborers in the church vineyard are at a premium, tact and diplomacy are not required of them. Consequently, many women who work like beavers but who find it impossible to establish any sort of group rapport are given, by default, responsibilities which call for wiser, cooler heads. We woo, pamper, and give in to the whims of these individuals, not because we radiate goodwill but because we are desperate for their services.

This brings to mind another serious failing we churchwomen share with members of secular organizations. Whenever we meet—which is all too often—we must serve refreshments. There is usually much preliminary discussion as to who is and who is not on a diet and on the merits of the current dietary fad. But when the chips are down, everyone does her share in depleting the piles of sweet rolls and sandwiches. For even as we nod with empathy as the speaker graphically portrays the plight of the Pakistani refugees or of our own nation's submerged third, we snack and sip away.

Actually, what do we accomplish by all our dashing about? I have never been able to shed the worrisome thought that I would be performing a more useful service by staying home cleaning up the house, writing letters, and being available for family problems and confidences than by leaping from church function to church function. How important was it that I spent the better part of a morning embroiled in a discussion of how best to raise money for a silver and/or pewter tea service? (The final

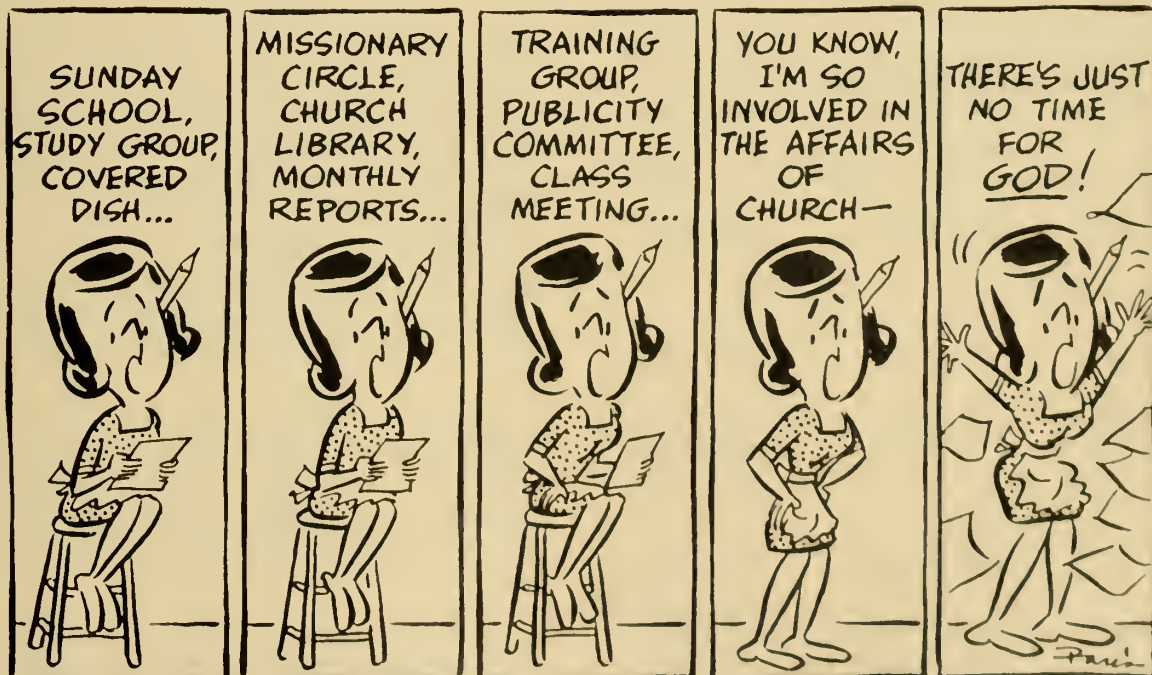
vote was for silver as, even though it requires frequent polishing, it is so much richer looking.) On the day this momentous decision was made, we had to table a worthwhile community project because time ran out.

And speaking of hospitality, our church like many others, has an overactive committee in this area. We go all out to welcome newcomers, visit the sick, and carry casseroles to the bereaved. But all this is a mere sideline to our real objective. We are actually in business to get the unsuspecting prospect to volunteer for committee work before some nonchurch organization nabs her.

To be truthful, my aversion to spending the rest of my active years on such a treadmill is not due entirely to the emphasis on fund raising. The church's diverse social activities also add fire to the rebellious coals. There was a time when the church played a vital social as well as religious role in the community. Today this is true only in rare and isolated cases. On the frontier, church and school were the only respectable outlets for sociability. But with ever-increasing urbanization we are suffering from the problems in reverse—too many social activities for even a four-day workweek.

The church I attend has recently added another activity to its more than full program. To promote "togetherness" or perhaps to encourage group dynamics, from which most of us are suffocating, it inaugurated a series of family dinners immediately following the late Sunday worship service. Sunday is really something now. Saturday night bridge or a late movie is out of the question. I am usually busy frying chicken or concocting a casserole to be reheated the next day. After the eleven o'clock service one of the family dashes home for the dish. Then it's back to church to set up tables, make coffee, and clean up the kitchen just in time to peek at the setting sun. Such stresses do not revitalize our faith. Rather they wear it down by organizational erosion.

Many of the large urban churches now are staffed with



Cartoon by Howard Paris

trained advisers who function rather like a ship's cruise director. No one must endure a dull or even a quiet moment. Once-happy introverts are dragged into the thick of wholesome, planned entertainment. Group participation seems to have become a requisite of salvation.

I am all for the church encouraging social responsibility and action, but its present activities seem to me to stress commitment to the wrong goals. They emphasize group "fellowship" within the denominational circle. Important community action such as reading to the blind, regular visits to the elderly (both in and out of rest homes), staffing day-care centers, and working for all sorts and conditions of men get short shrift in the project department.

When I discovered that this myopic view seemed to be an institutional disease which the members prefer to live with rather than have treated, I decided that rebellion was the only answer. I regret that I waited so long. Let my more resilient sisters pour tea, bake, and enjoy the camaraderie of the "Vital Issues" study group. I am enjoying a richer experience.

When I attend church I am ready to worship, to learn, to question, and to meditate on what is involved in trying to live by Christian tenets. What's more, for the first time in many years, I have time to try to apply the church's teachings in my day-to-day relationships. □

Readers' Response

1. Women's groups per se have outlived their usefulness in the local church.

12.5% agree 75% disagree 12.5% other

2. "Men's groups" and "women's groups" cause a false dichotomy in the church family. Both should be discontinued in favor of heterogeneous groups.

23% agree 67% disagree 10% other

3. Women's groups are the cornerstones of most congregations.

62.5% agree 27% disagree 10.5% other

4. Church members are expected to do too much "busy work."

42% agree 44% disagree 14% other

5. Most church-group activities are really unnecessary.

14% agree 69% disagree 17% other

6. Working in the community is more important than many, many church activities.

25% agree 44% disagree 31% other

7. The author no longer does her "fair share" at church.

37% agree 44% disagree 19% other

Comments

I am wondering if it isn't the overorganization of the larger churches today that the author resents. Too many demands are made on the wrong things—like "more money to conference claims"—and so little is said about spending or working more in missions and loving our neighbors as ourselves, which are the primary reasons for the church's existence.—Mrs. Lon E. Frost, Sidney, Mont.

I feel that the author after 25 years of active, busy service in the church has more than earned a rest—time to contemplate and let other younger women carry on. I do not agree that spirituality needs quiet contemplation, however. There is a tremendous opportunity to revitalize one's faith working with a group of dedicated, like-minded women.—Lois L. Walter, Port Washington, N.Y.

Few women I know in church work are out of touch with reality and few resist change. Most women in church work are "with it" and know the value of social responsibility.—Dr. Clair W. Black, Westwood, N.J.

I think many times we could be calling on members and prospective members instead of just meeting and "reading a piece." But I think our United Methodist Women groups are very much in touch with the world.

Articles like this are good. They make us stop and evaluate our own position and our own church.

In what other place can the average woman study than in society study programs? But it shouldn't end there.

—Mrs. Roy Young, Hardin, Mo.

I see a healthier trend in the past ten years than the author does. I like the family involvement which I now see in church, and I believe younger women are less dictatorial than were leaders of 20 years ago.

—Mrs. Halbert A. Cornell, Endicott, N.Y.

Churchwomen are playing a vital role in a changing world. We are all prone to be reluctant to change, but God's love and his message is for every generation. The women in the church are rendering their services in Christian love and dedication.

Frankly, I tire of individuals who are eager to minimize the influence of church work. It has always been important in the history of mankind and should be strengthened rather than weakened by those who tire of it.

—The Rev. Kenneth L. Snow, Lawrence, Mich.

I agree with the author that it is useless for church people to run themselves ragged to keep up with church activities if they leave Christ out of their daily lives by not taking time to pray, read the Bible, love their neighbors, and—especially—take time for their own families.

—Sarah Allaman, Monmouth, Ill.

No one should feel burdened by the work of the church, but enriched because of it. If we cannot achieve this, then we have failed.

—Mrs. Kathryn Durga, Six Lakes, Mich.

There are many women who, like myself, continue to work in women's organizations in church because we do not know what to put in its place to take care of our share of the world's needs. But somehow the programs from headquarters seem to be beyond the interest of so many women. They say the books are "so hard" and the programs they use often seem artificial because they do not come from the hearts of the people involved.

The church should work for greater involvement in sharing groups—like Yokefellow. Then outreach would come from the hearts of Christians who are truly committed because they know themselves better and therefore can come closer to meeting the needs of others—and can reach within for the strength of God.

—Irene C. Bear, Ruston, La.

When I think of the many worthwhile study groups I have attended (without lunch), I feel sorry for the author. When church members refuse to give of themselves and their time, the church and society will be in trouble. I truly believe that "service is the rent we owe for the space we occupy." This service should emanate naturally from Christian love. —Ruth A. Wagner, Norfolk, Nebr.

Women's organizations give members a chance to meet and discuss the needs of the church and decide what they can do to help. Our society here each year gives to missions as much as or more than some of the larger churches in the conference. We also help out with the local needs. I for one enjoy the fellowship with the other women in the society. As far as resisting change, we have kept up with the new ideas of what we can do for the community and church as much as those who are working for the community alone.

I really think if everyone in the church gave his tithe, the women's organizations would not have to put on dinners, bazaars, bake sales, and so on.

—Mrs. Helen E. Duvall, Mount Olive, Ill.

I agree in principle with much of what Bea Hammond says, but I feel she has thrown the baby out with the bath water. Many organizations and group meetings can be channels to public service and social action. Prayer groups, Bible studies, and similar activities should lead to action, but some are self-contained and self-satisfying. In some cases they may be therapeutic for some individuals, which is good in itself. So it is impossible to say certain organizations in the church are good or bad unless we know what the groups are doing.

—The Rev. Gaylord D. Howell, Battle Creek, Mich.

I am becoming involved more than ever before. I recently retired and for the first time I am discovering how much can be done for missions, for neighborhood projects, and in ecumenical endeavors.

If we can keep "others" as our watchword, I believe we can avoid the busyness of bazaars, rummage sales, and suppers. —Mrs. Alfred Johnson, Waverly, N.Y.

Because I see the church as God's church and not our church, I want us—men and women, the laity—to get involved in God's business, to love God and our fellowman. I, too, am discouraged by all the things Bea Ham-

mond points out. But I also believe that God always leaves a remnant and I am willing to be one of that remnant.

I, too, am through with making brownies and party sandwiches. But I am not through with trying to turn church people toward God's real purpose.

—Mrs. John E. Galbraith, Teaneck, N.J.

The church has a bad habit of finding a good worker who can do almost every task and then working that person until he or she is burned out. Some day, somehow, I would like to see everyone contribute his time to some church activity, which would eliminate the few doing all the work. In accomplishing a task that is of benefit to others, one can receive a reward of satisfaction that will strengthen his faith and love of God.

—Name withheld on request

Church members' aims should be to win the lost to Christ. The church should challenge them to be "about their Father's business" rather than to be busy in program planning and things that do not show love for those outside the church.

Some—not most—church activities are unnecessary. Those that dwell on raising money are unnecessary—and time consuming. If a person's heart is right with God, he will give as the Lord prospers him.

—Elmer Hauser, Martin, N.Dak.

As a welfare caseworker in a previous church, I asked the Sunday-school class which I taught to help with some clients' problems. They offered money but nothing more. In my present church, I've asked my class to help get patients to our center for therapy and to help with the exercise program for daily treatment—no response. There's no time left after Women's Society, circle, choir, Little League, Scouts.

I feel I am walking more "in His steps" at work than at church.—Mrs. Carl Kirkley, Jr., Stone Mountain, Ga.

I think Women's Society has a purpose—a great organization. However, I think all too many women's groups can't get away from being Ladies Aids. They completely disregard the available guides for meetings, and so on. However, there must be fund-raising to meet budgets and pledges. And so many are willing workers.

The group must work in the way it is happiest. What's wrong with that?

—Name withheld on request

A "something for each individual" rather than "everything for everyone" seems to be an ideal offering for a church to make for its members. A church member still doing at 50 what he or she did at 25 has not grown very much. This could be the fault of the church as much as the individual.—Mrs. J. A. Martin, Birmingham, Ala.

I am now involved more than ever in church activities. Some are very worthwhile and necessary. But I get so involved that Sundays become another workday instead of a day of worship and being quiet with God. Even though I feel the author is correct, I don't feel that my resigning from all positions would be the answer.

—Paul D. Merrifield, Howe, Ind.

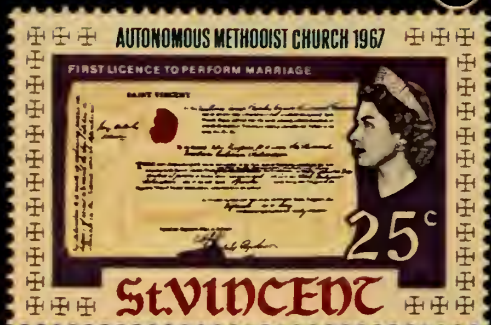
In Search of Methodist Gold



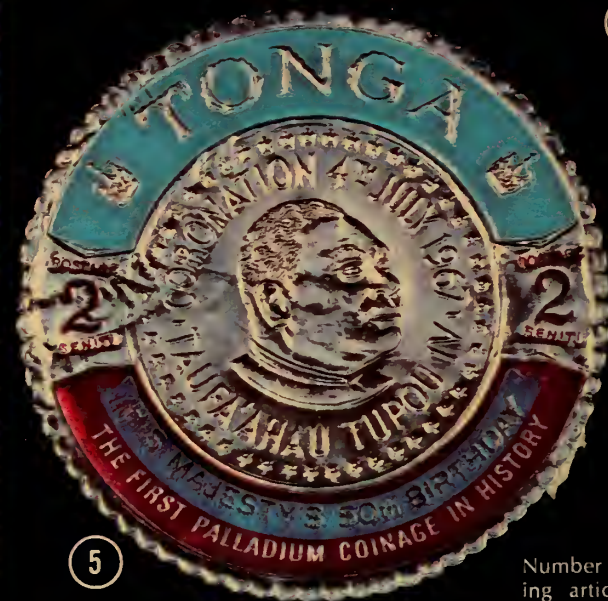
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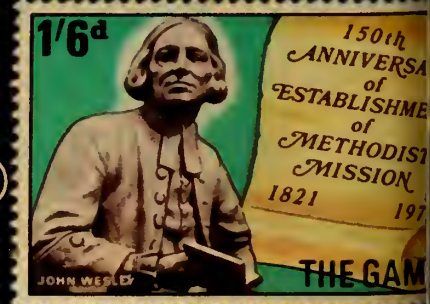
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Number keys referred to in the accompanying article provide additional information on these Methodist-related stamps. They were provided through the courtesy of collectors Jesse Glasgow, Baltimore, and Robert Goss, art editor of *Topical*.



12



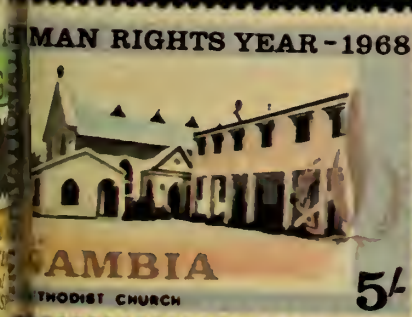
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TO A PHILATELIST, postage stamps are more than colorful, exquisite works of art. They tell stories, speak of history, and record advances in many fields of human endeavor. And, like those reproduced herewith, stamps can even commemorate personalities and events in the life of a church.

A philatelist, however, does not always confine himself to adhesive stamps. He may seek rare or interesting postmarks, slogan cancellations, and cachets—pictures on envelopes. Since world governments issue stamps by the tens of thousands, many collectors now are specializing in certain fields.

One who specializes in religion in general and Methodism in particular is Mrs. Lee Kleinhans of Merced, Calif., who last year received top awards at national philatelic exhibitions. Her Methodist items range from the not-so-obvious—a postmark from Bartley, Nebr., for example, belongs in her collection.

What possible connection can there be between Bartley, Nebr., and Methodism? "The community was organized on July

3, 1886, and was named for the Rev. Allen Bartley, a Methodist Episcopal minister who homesteaded the land," she explains.

Mrs. Kleinhans likes to compare her finds to those of a prospector who uncovers a gold nugget.

Thus, in her search for Methodist "gold," Mrs. Kleinhans discovered that Methodism's most famous brothers, John and Charles Wesley, did not appear on postage stamps until 1967. Even then the honor did not come from their native England but from the islands of St. Kitts, Nevis, and Anguilla (Nos. 7 and 8 on page 38) in the Caribbean. The three island-nations honored another early Methodist pioneer from England, Dr. Thomas Coke (9) who made the first of his frequent trips to America in 1784. Not only was Coke a colleague and friend of the Wesleys, he also preached in the Caribbean. Another Caribbean island, St. Vincent, issued stamps to commemorate autonomy from British Methodism in 1967 (1-2-3-4), as did Antigua (22-24).

Mrs. Kleinhans is not alone in her search for Methodist items. The medium of information exchange is a 300-member Methodist Philatelic Society organized a few years ago by J. T. (Tom) Aungiers, an English civil servant. Most of the members live in Great Britain, but some 60 are in the United States, with others around the world. One founding member is a Roman Catholic bank manager in England. Mrs. Kleinhans, incidentally, is the wife of a Lutheran air-force chaplain.

It was Mr. Aungiers who persuaded British postal authorities to approve a special handstamp showing John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, on horseback. This handstamp was used only on March 2, 1968, the 177th anniversary of Wesley's death. Since then the British authorities have approved more than 20 handstamps commemorating various aspects of Methodism.

As the movement grew, more and more Methodist-related stamps and postmarks were discovered. With the help of colleagues in the United States, Great Britain, and Sweden, Mr. Aungiers published a 44-page, illustrated *Methodist Stamp and Postmark Catalogue* in 1970. A year later the publication of *U.S. Methodism on Stamps and Postmarks* coincided with the 12th World Methodist Conference at the University of Denver. The U.S. booklet treats such topics as presidents who were Methodists, franking signatures of Methodists in Congress, Methodist place names, slogan cancellations commemorating the founding of Methodist colleges and universities—and, of course, famous Methodists on U.S. stamps.

Included in Mrs. Kleinhans' prize-winning collection is an eye-catching page titled "First Methodist on the Moon!" (Commander Alan Bean, a recent speaker at the General Conference of The United Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga., took a small banner from his church on the epic Apollo 12 flight in November, 1969.) Stepping back into U.S. history, collectors of Methodist-related stamps find one issued in 1969 to commemorate the centenary of the daring exploration of the Grand Canyon by John Wesley Powell (12), who was a Methodist minister's son. Other Methodists so honored include the Rev. Jason Lee (14) who opened up Oregon Territory to the church in the early 1800s and Walter Reed (19), conqueror of yellow fever, whose father was a Methodist circuit rider.

Regrettably, no stamp has yet been issued to commemorate the feats of the greatest circuit rider of them

all—Bishop Francis Asbury, founder of the Methodist Church in America. However, a cacheted envelope was created last October to mark the 200th anniversary of Asbury's arrival in the colonies. It was postmarked in Philadelphia, and on the same day some covers were cancelled at Abingdon, Md., where Bishops Coke and Asbury founded the first Methodist college in America.

Overseas Methodists who have appeared on stamps issued in their own countries include Sir Winston Scott (18), named governor general of Barbados in the Caribbean in 1967; Madame Chiang Kai-shek (20) of Nationalist China; and the late William V. S. Tubman (15), long-time president of Liberia. Stamps from the Tonga Islands in the South Seas are of interest because members of the Tongan royal family have been Methodists for generations. King Taufa' ahau Tupou IV (5), crowned by Methodist ministers on July 4, 1967, is a lay preacher. His famous mother, the late Queen Salote, taught in a Methodist Sunday school most of her adult life.

Collectors well versed in world Methodist history know that Nathaniel Gilbert (23), a British planter on the island of Antigua, was the father of the Caribbean church which now comprises the autonomous Methodist Conference of the Caribbean and the Americas.

One would have to be an astute observer to recognize the design on a 1965 U.S. Christmas stamp (21) as a reproduction of the weather-vane figure on Peoples United Methodist Church at Newburyport, Mass.; and if he learns that hymn 645 in the British Methodist hymnal was written by Sir Walter Scott, he will want the 1971 United Kingdom stamp honoring the author (13).

No one searching for "Methodist gold" expects his collection to demand fabulous prices on the market—at least not in the near future. There is no stamp comparable to the British Guiana "one cent magenta" issued in 1856 and valued now around \$50,000.

Philately as a hobby, or as a business, is only about 125 years old; specializing in religion or the church is more recent. Since Methodism is a world church, however, the search in this category can lead to far places and unusual events, at least one of them tragic. Methodists in the Fiji Islands designed a cachet to commemorate the missionary work of the Rev. Thomas Baker who was murdered there in 1867. In England recently a Methodist church group flew some covers by rocket to raise funds for building a mission. Most of the covers were burned when the rocket crashed, but the 50 that survived are much in demand.

Central Hall, London, the largest Methodist church in England, was featured on a United Nations' postage stamp (17) because the first UN General Assembly was held there in 1946. The tiny west African republic of Gambia issued more than one stamp to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the establishment of a Methodist mission there in 1821 (6-10-11). A 1968 Gambia stamp commemorating International Human Rights Year bore the picture of a Gambia Methodist church (16).

Unexplored territory remains so the Methodist philately field is wide open. Several important church anniversaries occur this year, and there will be others in the future. A number of important, history-making Methodist leaders remain to be honored. As long as the Methodist "gold rush" is on, who knows when and where the biggest, brightest nugget will be found? —Herman B. Teeter

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Can a person be Christian without being religious?

✦ It must be remembered that the most religious people, the Pharisees, gave Jesus the greatest concern. They were so religious that they lost the capacity to love. But following Christ is not an either-or business. It includes the highest and holiest things we know. The secular and

the sacred, the saint and the sinner, the temple and the market place—all these are the meeting places of God and man. A person can be Christian without being traditionally religious, but he cannot follow Christ without being reverent.

When will black churches replace their white pictures of Jesus?

✦ This is not a question of time but of perspective. It is true that artists have often portrayed Jesus with Caucasian features. But the writer of Galatians had the right idea when he said: "So there is no difference between Jews and Gentiles, between slaves and free men, be-

tween men and women; you are all one in Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28, Good News.)

When artists understand this (and viewers believe it), their pictures of Christ will not be racial but universally human.

How can the church withdraw from war-related investments?

✦ The simplest way is likely to miss the heart of the issue: withdraw all investments from every corporation that has any war contracts. But is that all there is to war relationship? Certainly not. The church is people before it is an institution. It is the investment of a general board that holds money in trust, but it is also the banker, housewife, layman, or

farmer who, unknowingly, is engaged in some war-related activity without any idea of what it might be.

A more basic question is: How can all Christians withdraw support from the systems which make war? When we begin to work on that question, the problem of war investments no longer will arise.

Where did Cain's wife come from?

✦ What is likely being asked is, How could Cain find a wife when, according to the Scriptures, Adam and Eve were the only persons on earth at that time?

What must not be overlooked is that the Bible is not a book of exact history.

It is the Word of God written by inspired but imperfect men. It does not take as much faith to believe in every word of the Bible as it does to believe that God's Word comes through all the literary imperfections of these 66 books.



From dawn to dusk the sounds of children ring through the Brays' home in Happy Hill.

Love to Happy Hill

Text by Louise Davis / Pictures by Gerald Holly

THE DAY the floor collapsed under Santa Claus was a turning point for Mrs. Robert L. Bray and her 40 or so neighborhood children.

"The children were jumping up and down as we distributed the Christmas presents," Mrs. Bray recalls. "My husband was dressed like Santa Claus, and the children were excited. But we weren't surprised very much when the floor collapsed. That's the way most of the houses are in Happy Hill."

Happy Hill is the name that has become attached, unfathomably, to one of the most miserable areas of Murfreesboro, Tenn.—not far from the downtown area. The homes are shacks, some even with dirt floors.

Some have no running water, not even an indoor toilet. In a few cases, three families share one outdoor water faucet.

The first time Mrs. Bray drove through the neighborhood, seven years ago, and saw the squalor there, it "broke her heart," friends said.

"My husband and I had just moved to Murfreesboro, and we lived in a nice section," Mrs. Bray tells the story. "One day we were driving around, getting acquainted with the streets and shopping areas. After driving through many lovely neighborhoods, we took a turn in another direction. Suddenly we were in Happy Hill. I had never seen anything so pathetic."

Reprinted from *The Nashville Tennessean Magazine*. Copyright 1971 by Tennessean Newspapers, Inc., and used by permission.—Your Editors

Next day Mrs. Bray decided to call on some of the people who lived in Happy Hill to see if she could help them. Her husband had the car so she walked. "At first the people were suspicious," she said. "But I went from door to door, just getting acquainted."

Later she came to their door to invite the children to Sunday school, but that didn't work. They felt strange among people in other sections of town. And they did not have the right kind of clothes. So Mrs. Bray decided to open a mission in their own neighborhood. She arranged to use a vacant house in Happy Hill as a sort of neighborhood center. There she invited the children to do their homework after school, attend worship services on Sunday mornings and Tuesday nights, and learn how to work and play together.

"But I found that I couldn't do enough for those children when I lived on the other side of town," Mrs. Bray said. "So my husband and I bought a little house just about a block from Happy Hill, in a very poor part of town."

That meant that the Brays' teenage son and daughter were uprooted from their own neighborhood to become part of the mission work. Mr. Bray, after illness made it impossible for him to work, began assisting.

But it will soon be four years since the floor collapsed under him as he played Santa Claus, and that was the event that closed the mission in Happy Hill. "We decided it was dangerous to stay there in that building," Mrs. Bray said. "We had to turn our home into a mission." Now the white frame cottage where the Brays live and work is the brightest spot in the life of some 40 children in the neighborhood.

"Sometimes they begin coming by six o'clock in the morning," Mrs. Bray said, laughing at the way she is aroused from sleep. "Some of the parents bring their children by when they go to work. There are children coming and going all day. I try to get the last ones out before dark. I want them off the streets and home before dark."

Some of the children, with no bathroom in their own home, come to Mrs. Bray's house to take a bath. She furnishes the soap, towels, hot water, and tub. If they want a shampoo, she furnishes that, too. In the



Mr. and Mrs. Bray help their young friends with both schoolwork and other skills. While Mrs. Bray (above) gives sewing tips, her husband and the boys work with tools.



process they learn not only good grooming but about cleaning up the bathroom after they are through. If they don't have a change of clothes, she selects something from the stacks of discarded clothes that local church groups have donated.

"The churches have furnished a nice electric washer and dryer," Mrs. Bray said. "We wash twice a day. The children leave their dirty clothes and

have a change waiting for them after their bath. Sometimes there's a long line waiting at our bathroom door. Some of the children have never seen a bathroom before.

"During the school year they come here after school to change out of their good clothes and get a bath for the next day," Mrs. Bray said. "They stay to do their homework."

Mrs. Bray supervises the study

hall," referring the children to encyclopedias and other reference books on shelves that reach to the ceiling of her crowded little living room. Fiction and nonfiction for all ages keep the children entertained throughout the year. Children who have come there in utter indifference to school have shown quick improvement in school attendance and performance. Mrs. Bray takes particular pride in the many children who missed not a single day of school last year.

Even the four-year-olds catch the contagion of learning. The day that *Tennessean* photographer Gerald Holly and I visited, tiny children were sitting around the record player, chanting out the answers to the multiplication-table records. But teaching children how to study and how to groom themselves is only part of the work Mrs. Bray does without any salary—government or otherwise.

The tiny chapel in a room at the back of the house is crowded on Sunday mornings for Sunday school and worship services. Mrs. Bray, who has been licensed to preach by The United Methodist Church, conducts the services. College students from Middle Tennessee State University help teach the four Sunday-school classes. Churchwomen of various denominations take turns at bringing fruit and other desserts to serve the children after church.

United Methodist laymen from all Rutherford County are planning to build a small structure behind the Bray home so that she can expand the services and have more privacy for her own family. Various church groups help conduct the annual vacation Bible school, and they instruct the children in arts and crafts.

"In all our teaching, we try to be nondenominational," Mrs. Bray said. "I am Methodist and have my membership in Trinity United Methodist Church in Murfreesboro, but we have fine support from the Baptists and Presbyterians, too. And we use church literature from all three denominations."

Social workers in the welfare department are enthusiastic about Mrs. Bray's work. Home-economics teachers volunteer their hours of instructing the girls and boys on good grooming. Biggest treat for the girls who come there is to be allowed to spend the night. Mrs. Bray has a

double-decker bed for that purpose, and two girls at a time have the privilege.

"It gives me that much more time to teach the girls," Mrs. Bray said. "They have supper and breakfast with us, and see what a Christian home is like." Some of the children come from homes where nobody ever sits down to a meal. Some of the parents are alcoholics. Some of the parents make enough money to feed their children, but have no idea of how to manage their money, Mrs. Bray said.

Some of the parents make enough money to move their families into nicer parts of town, but they feel more at home where they have lived so long. Mrs. Bray believes the only hope for breaking the habits of hopelessness is through the children. "These are children who would not go near a church," she observes.

What ages come?

"From the time they can walk until they marry and move away," she says, laughing happily. Her laughter is infectious. Girls who have never sewed before cluster around her with their puzzlement over making pleats and facing armholes. When she tells them to rip it out and start over, they giggle at their errors and start anew. With quiet authority, she maintains a high order of decorum in a relaxed, homelike setting. The children—many of whom probably had never thought of good manners before—habitually answer, "Yes, ma'am," and sprinkle their fast-moving conversation with "Thank-you," and "Excuse me."

As urban renewal wipes out some of the shabby homes of the area and the families move to the "projects," the children keep making the trek back to Mrs. Bray's. They have the bathrooms and the clean clothes, but they miss the warmth of her teaching.

Mrs. Bray, flashing warm brown eyes, has the simplest explanation for her work. "Mr. Bray and I always have enjoyed having children around us," she said. "We tried working at a children's home in Ohio once, but we didn't like that. We wanted something less institutionalized. We wanted to help where we knew the need was."

When Mr. and Mrs. Bray take little vacation trips or Sunday drives, they always pile some of the neighborhood children in the car.

"I guess we have taken all of them to Fall Creek Falls by now," Mrs. Bray said. "Sometimes we take them to Rock City. When we visit our relatives in Milan, where we used to live, we take two or three of the neighborhood children. For lots of them, this is the only time they have ever been out of Rutherford County."

She teaches them to love the beauty of the countryside and to help keep it clean. The bumblebee—a decorative gadget made of yarn that she and the girls wear on their dresses—reminds them of a variety of mottoes. "They remind us to 'Be busy for the Lord,'" Mrs. Bray said. "That includes all sorts of duties. It reminds us to keep the land clean and the world beautiful as the Lord made it. It reminds us to make every word count for good; it reminds us not to say ugly words."

She teaches them the manners of courtship, the responsibilities of marriage. When the girls marry and move away, they keep in touch. They visit her when they are in town, and they send pictures of their babies to add to her collection—many of them arranged tree shaped on the front door of her home.

Every hungry child who comes there is fed. Every suspicious child who shows up there, shy and withdrawn, gets an extra helping of affection.

Most of the parents welcome her now. When they are ill, they are not accustomed to visitors at their hospital room. But she finds time to go. And her visits are unforgettable experiences for people from forlorn Happy Hill. "She looks like an angel when I see her coming in the room," one sick mother told a welfare worker.

Mrs. Bray laughs off any such talk. "I don't do a fraction of the things I'd like to do for these people," she says. "We just hope to do a lot more when we get the new room out back."

Ministers of the many churches supporting the work are convinced Mrs. Bray is reaching people who could not be reached through any regular church channel.

"She has opened the door," says the Rev. Ben Wakefield, pastor of Trinity United Methodist Church. "We don't know what will come. We just want to keep the door open." □



Fruits Without Roots

By ALVIN C. MURRAY

Pastor, First United Methodist Church
El Dorado, Arkansas

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law. And those who belong to Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with its passions and desires.

If we live by the Spirit, let us also walk by the Spirit. Let us have no self-conceit, no provoking of one another, no envy of one another.

—Galatians 5:22-26

AN OLD FRIEND surprised me by asking, "What would you think if I got a divorce?" He and his wife had been dear friends of my wife and me through the years so I asked him, "What's the trouble?"

He unfolded a long list of complaints. She did not love him like she ought to, she did not share in his work, her family came ahead of him, they fussed and argued whenever he came home.

In all the years that I have known this couple, I have seen the weaknesses of both of them. My friend has been very selfish in his married life, thoughtless of his wife's needs. But she, too, has failed him. I have no doubt that she often put her family ahead of him and showed more affection to them than she did to him.

Now they have discovered that the fruits of happiness just do not exist. Why is it that those fruits are not there? To put it simply, they haven't put down the roots that make for good fruit.

A recent issue of *Life* had an editorial by Ralph Nader in which he called for a new kind of patriotism. He told of going to a Parent-Teacher Association (PTA) meeting where one of the leaders cried out, "What can we do to make our children more patriotic?"

My reply is that if we want the fruits of patriotism, we must establish roots that make this patriotism possible. The PTA leader pointed out that many people want young people to salute the flag when they themselves are unwilling to try to correct the wrongs that go on under that flag.

It reminded me of driving behind a car plastered with patriotic slogans. One said, "America, love it or leave it." Another said, "When guns are illegal only crooks will have guns." And another, "Support your local police." Suddenly from an open window of that car came a stream of paper napkins, drinking cups, and trash that littered the highway for a quarter of a mile. It never occurred to the car's occupants that they were being as unpatriotic in defiling America as the young

person who tears down an American flag. They want the fruits but are unwilling to put down the real roots.

Our Scripture explains the nature of fruits: the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Most of us would immediately say, "That's the kind of fruit I want." How many of us really have it? If not, it is because we lack the proper roots to produce and sustain it.

Not too long ago the *Kansas City Star* carried a front-page article about the Jesus People in that city. The reporter, who had studied the thousands of young people who have been caught up in this new dedication to Christ, commented that they seemed to think the Bible has all the answers to every problem. A friend asked me if I believed the Bible has all the answers. He put me on the spot because there is danger in oversimplifying. Nevertheless, I told him that there was no one verse that can be applied literally to every problem in life. Yet, the Bible does contain principles and truths that can guide one to the right decisions in every problem.

In essence, this is what our text is saying: If you let Christ rule your life, if you let his spirit guide and direct you, he will help you to find the good fruits of life. If on the other hand, you put the desires of your flesh first, if you put your own selfish interests in charge of your life, you are going to wind up with sour fruit.

Through the years I have been making a collection of stories about people who have found that the Spirit will produce good fruit. Here are two that impressed me:

Through most of his life Sir Walter Scott was successful and prosperous, but in his middle 50s disaster fell. First his publishers went broke, and he found himself financially ruined and \$600,000 in debt. Fast on the heels of this disaster came others. His wife died and his health broke. He was offered advice whereby he might escape his debt, but he refused because he felt morally obliged to pay. He said, "I put my trust in God and set to work." After long years of struggle he paid off his debts and regained his prosperity. Whenever he told of those years he would say, "The love of Christ constrained me."

Then, in a clipping from the old *Saturday Evening Post*, there is a story of a mother who was told by the doctor at the birth of her first child: "Your son has been born crippled." At first she and her husband questioned God, but because they were deeply Christian, they refused to believe that God was responsible. Instead they believed that God would help them, and they set out on a rigorous program to bring the boy through youth to a normal adulthood. Over and over they told him, "God wants to help you become a strong man." What wonderful fruit they gathered when 16 years later he walked into the living room carrying the varsity sweater he won on the swimming team, and announced that he had received a scholarship that would enable him to go through college and medical school.

The Spirit will bring good fruit into our lives. It is the only fruit that will produce all the abundance and joy that's worth having in this life. Anything less than "walking in the Spirit" will put us in danger of gathering a bitter and disappointing crop.

When I was a boy, my father grew figs as a hobby. He had just about every kind of fig tree imaginable and the figs were delicious. It was no accident that we had all those wonderful figs. My dad studied fig growth and he

fertilized, mulched, watered, and pruned for long hours.

Had he stuck a plant in the ground and left it, you know how much fruit we would have had. Still, many people are shocked when they discover that they do not have the fruits of the Spirit even when they haven't cultivated them.

Let me make some suggestions about growing good fruit. First, you have to know what riches are available to you. As a Christian you have certain rights and privileges. Do you know what they are? Several years ago I joined an auto club because a friend recommended it. I really did not know what I was getting into, I just paid my money because it provided coverage. Then I started receiving a little paper from the organization. As I glanced through it, I began to discover that by belonging to that club I was eligible for dozens of benefits of which I had not dreamed.

When I became a Christian, it was kind of like that. I accepted Christ because I felt I needed him and wanted my sins forgiven. But every year I have found more and more about Christian privileges, joys, and benefits. They were there all the time, but I did not receive many of them because I did not know they existed. I've found them by reading my Bible, talking with other Christians, and by praying for God's light.

The second thing is: You have to study yourself and your life to know how to apply the benefits of God. To put it another way, you constantly have to examine your life to see how Christ can come into more areas of it.

This is why you are always hearing some speaker telling you to read the Bible and other good books, gather in study groups, and talk with other Christians. You cannot do this without God showing you something new about yourself. One of the wonders of the Christian life is its new discoveries.

The third point is: When you work with Christ you will find that the fruit grows faster.

Not long ago a layman and his wife, owners of a successful drugstore, spent the night with us. They once were members of a church I pastored and at that time were just run-of-the-mill members, attending Sunday services and paying their pledge. But that night he really told me off.

"You preachers really cheated me out of a lot," he began. I couldn't imagine what he meant. Had I left a bill unpaid? Then he went on, "You used to let me think that you were supposed to work with Christ and the rest of us were to just watch and pay the bills."

He told me how he had rededicated his life to Christ and found out that he had a ministry to perform just as the preacher does. Now he goes to a men's prayer breakfast each week; he and his wife belong to a Bible-study group; and they work with the young people of their church. He said, "God runs my business." Both he and his wife were just bubbling over with the fruit of their Christian living and serving.

I did not tell him that in every way I knew I had been trying to recommend that kind of life for a long, long time. He just had not believed it until this new thing happened to him. Now he looks back over those years of poor fruit and wishes he had made his discovery sooner.

There is wonderful fruit to be gathered by every person in Christ, if he or she would only take Christ seriously! □



I Remember Branch Rickey

By HARRY N. PEELOR

"WHO WAS the bravest man in the Bible?" The late Wesley Branch Rickey asked the question as I sat with him in his private box at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh.

The old ball park has been replaced by the new Three Rivers Stadium. Memories, however, cannot be replaced with artificial grass and multi-colored bleachers.

Mr. Rickey arrived in our town in 1950 as general manager of a Pittsburgh Pirate team that had not won a pennant since 1927.

You could feel a surge of hope among Pirate fans. Cab drivers talked about his amazing record in Brooklyn. People bragged about Mr. Rickey's role in introducing Jackie Robinson to the major leagues, thus breaking baseball's color barrier. The nation was talking about Pittsburgh's civic renaissance. New buildings were go-

ing up in the Golden Triangle. Smoke control was spoiling all the jokes about the Smoky City. Branch Rickey's vision and optimism were just right for a city being reborn. He dared people into believing that Pittsburgh might actually become a winner.

I was caught up in this new enthusiasm and looked forward to an evening of baseball unlike any I had experienced. After the national anthem, Mr. Rickey quickly turned his chair at right angles to the playing field and looked at me intently from under bushy eyebrows. I waited for instruction, interpretation, and inspiration about baseball from one of the game's greatest authorities and pioneers.

Instead he asked, "Who was the bravest man in the Bible?"

Now I am a United Methodist preacher, but that question was so unexpected I could not think of any

man in the Bible, much less the bravest. Still fixed by those intent eyes, it dawned on me that Mr. Rickey was serious—he really expected a thoughtful answer. I had gone to the game with a baseball man and assumed we would discuss baseball. Mr. Rickey had gone to the game with a preacher and assumed we would discuss the Bible. I learned quickly that when you were with Mr. Rickey, you discussed what he had in mind.

A roar went up from the crowd and I saw, over Mr. Rickey's shoulder, that the Cardinals had blasted a double down the first-base line. Surely I would be saved the embarrassment of a mind completely blank about the bravest man in the Bible.

Mr. Rickey was not going to turn away, I reluctantly concluded. He patiently waited for my answer.

"Bravest man . . . Bible?" The

silence was unendurable. The noise and clamor of 30,000 fans seemed barely a background disturbance.

"Samson," I tentatively suggested.

Those eyes never left mine. "No, I don't think brave would be the right word for Samson," Mr. Rickey responded as a first-grade church-school teacher might encourage a child.

"Daniel," I blurted out quickly, "I think Daniel was one of the bravest men in the Bible . . . Remember, Mr. Rickey, how he faced the lions in their den."

The bushy eyebrows seemed to knit together, and I could tell I was a long way from the answer he wanted. Obviously taking pity upon my biblical illiteracy and being rather disappointed, I suppose, Mr. Rickey suggested, "How about Zacchaeus? Do you remember his story? There was a brave man."

The crowd noise surged back as the Cardinals smashed out another base hit with two men aboard. As two runs streaked home Mr. Rickey suddenly roared—apparently without even an earlier glance toward the field—"He didn't touch third base! Get the ball back there! He didn't touch third base!"

The ball was thrown to the third baseman, and the umpire's hand went up to record an out. Mr. Rickey had not missed a thing happening on the field below.

Magnetism, magic—both words describe this man. He was informed and interested in the most divergent aspects of life; all the probings of his keen mind came together in one total interest—people. And his interest in people had only two motives: to see what he could learn from them, and to see what contribution he might make to their character.

The Cardinals broke out with a rash of runs and the Pirates' bats were silent. Mr. Rickey did not show the slightest tension or concern. He continued with the story of Zacchaeus, the little man who risked so much to see Jesus; the man who climbed a tree and literally "went out on a limb" for his Lord. The power of Mr. Rickey's artistry with words and his intent persuasive logic washed away all my expectancies of an evening of baseball. Instead, I received a Bible lesson I will never forget.

Only once more during the evening did I try to direct the conversation back to baseball. After a Pirate

pitcher had given up three hits and two walks in a row I said, "Mr. Rickey, don't you think it would be good baseball to take that pitcher out?"

"Yes," he responded with a twinkle, "they ought to take him out—not because it would be good baseball, simply out of compassion."

Through the years I was with Mr. Rickey several other times. We sat one evening in front of a roaring fire in a Canadian fishing lodge. There were about 20 of us in the party, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to pull our chairs around so Mr. Rickey became the center of attention.

As we did so, he settled back comfortably in his chair, went through an elaborate ritual of lighting his cigar, and after a dramatic silence announced, "The subject this evening will be serendipity." Another surprise. After a day on the water, I thought we would talk about fishing. Serendipity was just a word to me—meaning the making of desirable discoveries by accident—until Mr. Rickey opened another whole world with his quiet comments and searching questions.

Branch Rickey had a way of challenging people to think and to stretch new vistas before them, all the while managing to make each person feel important and worthwhile. A great concern for character and goodness was also conveyed.

At a New Year's Eve dinner party,

his toast (with a glass of water) brought tears to the eyes of everyone. Suddenly his words transformed the celebration into many individual secret, silent pledges to become better.

At a luncheon once he turned to my wife and asked her to say the blessing. Ruth prayed—but not quite long enough for Mr. Rickey. When she finished, he thanked God for her prayer and then added a few sentences of his own.

None of this was offensive; none was arrogant. It certainly could have been and might be in almost anyone else.

Branch Rickey was unique. He established the sequence of players that finally, in 1960, brought Pittsburgh a World Series pennant. He touched thousands with his conviction that life could be great and men could be brave in it. He gave to many, who will never hear the crowd's applause, the same confidence that he had imparted to so many baseball-diamond heroes.

The news of his death came early one morning in 1965. I walked out to a grove of pine trees and listened to the birds in their morning carols, and thought about him as the sun tipped the tall trees.

Now progress replaces an old ball park with a new one, but for me Forbes Field will always be inseparable from the memory of an amazing night of baseball turned into inexhaustible lessons of courage and confidence. □

THE APPLE BEARER

By Geraldine Ross

He brings an apple, shy yet swaggering.
Behind him trails the ghostly lace of spring,
A faded wisp, and frail, while all about,
The leaf-dyed light of summer whispers out.
Locked in this apple is the sound of bees,
The bird-and-breeze enchantment of old trees,
Memories of dim trails, of lemonade,
Beetles and ants, and napping in the shade,
And all of this, the whole enchanted list,
Rests tightly in a well-scrubbed little fist
To be placed shyly, with a summer look,
Between the teacher's pencil and her book.

Bro. Gaines 'Was Scared out of His Wits when the Storm Hit ...'

To: Bro. Harol Viktor
Lake Delite, Wis.

From: H. Clutter

Dear Preacher:

It seams I only turned around twict and another year has past and their you are in your cabin on the lake in the north woods agin taking it easy while we are supozed to be sweating it out down hear the 1st two weeks in Aug. However we are not sweating it out this time as we have bin struck by a cool spell.

I hope it doesnt upset you, Bro. Viktor, to learn you have practikilly gone and waisted the anual vacation generously aloud you by the Elsewhere UM church of which you have reined as paster for the 5th year in a row.

Also this is the 4th year I have loyally wrote to keep you advised of how things are going down hear, as you ast me to do, and also tell you how your summer vacation replacement is doing in the pulpitt.

He is not doing very well, however I will git into the detales later. But first as they say on the tv and radio hear is the news.

The blackberries is ripe and yours truley is suffering from the usual chiggers, scratched arms and legs as well as a soar back from stooping down to git the best berries. Also my wife Abby has canned some 40 jars but saved out some of the juice to put on a 1/2 gallon of ice cream which Little Willie turned the crank all by hisself in order to git the high privilege of licking the dasher.

However we did not eat our ice cream outside under the shade of our big oak tree as usual this hot time of year due to the nites being so nice and cool, not at all the heat and high humility you hoped to xcape by going up to Lake Delite.

If you have never tried homemade ice cream with blackberry juice on top you have really mist sumthing Bro. Viktor.

As for the other news of miner importance:

Froggie Fenton is still playing April Fool jokes hear in the middle of summer.

The collectshun last Sun. come to \$78.10, the best we have ever had the 1st of Aug. thanks to the cool spell. All the men wore their coats, and Abby says she recognized several Easter costumes on the women folks.

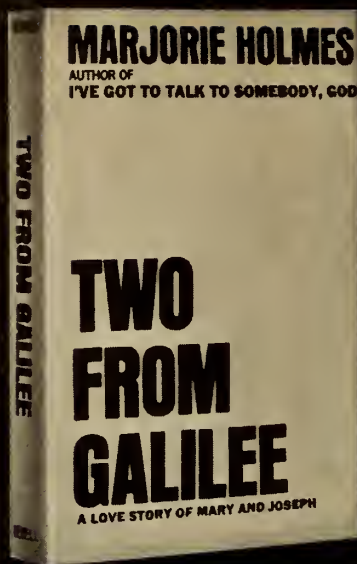
However guess it will be very hot and humid agin when you git back

around the middle of Aug. and attendance will be down agin, not wishing you no bad luck.

What caused the cool weather I think was the storm which struck suddenly last Thurs. nite. It must of bin the worst storm we ever had hear since it blowed down one of my hickery trees which had never bin blowed down before. Also tore some shingles off your parsonage but nothing much got wet in your



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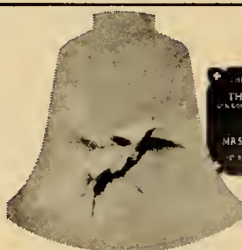
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study xcept sum of your books, and what looked like a sermon you had wrote out in pen and ink but not finished.

Which brings me to the conditshun of your summer replacement, whom as you know is Bro. Elwood Gaines, and is living in our parsonage.

He was scared out of his wits when the storm hit and may have bin struck by lightning as he hasnt acted rite sense.

"Where I cum from, Bro. Clutter," said Bro. Gaines, "I am not ust to this kind of inclement wether. Do you think my presents hear has called down the wrath of the Almighty?"

"Of coarse not," I replied. "I dont think the Lord mint anything personal. It storms on the just and unjust alike I have always said, as was said also by my Pappy before me. How do you think other folks wood feel if their houses was blowed down and nuthing ever happened to a preachers house?"

"It wood be shear discrimina-shun," said Bro. Gaines with a big laff. "Narvous as I am after being almost blowed away and almost struck by lightning, I was only joking Bro. Clutter. But what you say has a firm thelogical basis, I think. You shud have gone into the minstry, Bro. Clutter."

So I guess Bro. Gaines is settled down but wont know for shure until I see how narvous he is in the pulpitt next Sun.

But dont worry none, otherwise their is nothing much to report xcept, by the way, the storm nocked out the air conditshuning system you tricked me and the bord into instaling in the church last Aug. If the rest of this Aug. is as hot as the last part of last Aug. and the air conditshuning is not fixt by then you will probably wish you had waited to go on your vacation later insted of missing all this fine wether down hear.

Sinsereley,
H. Clutter

P.S. Say hello for me to Mrs. Bro. Viktor. I hope she also is free from care and worrie.

P.P.S. We have fixt the hole in the parsonage roof but cud do nothing about the sermon that got all wet. I cud not read it as the rain warshed all the ink off.—H.C.

BURY ME FROM MY CHURCH

By William F. Byrd

THERE WAS a time when funerals for church people and nonchurch people alike were held in churches. In recent years, however, funeral homes have become increasingly popular. In some sections of the country, funerals held in churches are almost unheard of.

This says to me that church people are failing to relate to the ministry of the church in their grief and are burying their dead from pseudo churches, or chapels provided by willing funeral directors. Many of these are lovely. Built to resemble churches, they are replete with pews and organs and stained glass. But they are devoid of the Christian symbols which speak of eternal life as promised by our Lord.

The chapel owner and his building designer are not to blame. A chapel to be used by those of all faiths, or no faith at all, must contain only essentials. But for the Christian the result is barrenness.

Funeral directors themselves disagree as to the advisability of building facilities which "compete" with churches. Some genuinely feel that people should be encouraged to use their churches. Some would refrain from constructing costly chapels but are forced to because of demand.

The chapel, say the funeral directors, is for the use of the bereaved family and adds greatly to the family's convenience and comfort. It is only fair to add, though, that it also lends itself to the convenience of those who direct the funeral. They are able to work more expeditiously, tie up fewer pieces of expensive equipment, and conduct more funerals in a given period of time than if all funerals were held in churches.

Participating in services in a large funeral home one almost feels part of an assembly line. At least this is how it has seemed to me as I have

been told of busy schedules and cautioned about the limited time between services.

Many people consider any funeral service a carry-over from pagan rites. The Scriptures make it clear that we Christians do not worship the body. For those who die in the faith, a funeral is a service of thanksgiving.

There are others who want to "get it over with as quickly and conveniently as possible." No doubt this attitude has encouraged the building of chapels, and we cannot accuse our friends who provide this much-needed service of being unfeeling or unchristian.

From the standpoint of the Christian minister and the Christian mortician, death presents an opportunity for invaluable service. The funeral and interment present opportunities for witnessing to belief in the reality and sovereignty of God and the victory through Christ over death.

When death comes to me, I want to be buried from Christ's church. Here are my reasons:

1. *I want my last rites to be a testimony of the faith of my family.* It is their way of saying, "This God in whom we believed in life is even more real when we face death." John Wesley's words on his deathbed were, "The best of all, God is with us." We have no finer opportunity of sharing our faith than in keeping it at the center of our devotion and concern in the difficult hours of grief.

2. *I want my friends to know I loved the church—both for the Lord of the church and because it stands above all institutions.*

"Jesus loved the church and gave himself for it," say the Scriptures. The reference is not to buildings but to the invisible fellowship of believers united in seeking God's direction in life. Here earth and heaven meet as God through Christ is magnified.

When the church has done so much for me in life, perpetuated and made real the very promise of life eternal which lets me face death with assurance—to leave it out because of convenience would be a denial of the importance it held in the life of our Lord.

3. *I want my last journey to begin from the Father's house on earth.* Though life will have gone out of this "house of clay" which God infused with life, I want to give witness to my belief that I move to the church eternal.

4. *I want for my loved ones the symbols of faith to warm and comfort their hearts.*

The altar where we have knelt before receiving forgiveness and love; the cross, symbol of love and eternal life in Christ; the Communion table, reminding us that "where he is, there we may be also"—all these are reminders that through Christ, our Lord, death shall not be conqueror nor grave the victor. I want these symbols to be reminders that though we are separated for a season, we shall be reunited in the Father's house.

5. *I want for my loved ones and my remains the ministry of hands of love in those final hours.*

No other place speaks so eloquently of caring as does God's house with its ministry of a dedicated staff and friends who share faith in God's eternal purposes. That faith is strengthened as I give my final witness by arranging while I live to be buried from my church.

Television

ONE OF LIFE'S spices is anticipating and then experiencing something new and interesting. It sometimes seems that new television-watching experiences have become a rarity. But total up the programming for an entire season and you will be struck by the number of programs that have surprised and delighted. Though immersed in the total flood of programming, they nevertheless keep hope renewed.

And now we approach the season of new hope. The fall programs are being ballyhooed. We can look at only one program at a time. Which will it be? For what it is worth, here is where I intend to set my dial in the first several weeks. (Time listings are EDT.)

Sunday evenings, CBS will have most of my attention. At seven thirty a new show, *Anna and the King of Siam*, will be based on the famous musical starring Yul Brynner. It is hard to believe that a weekly TV show can maintain the quality of the original. Siam is now Thailand and that is where we base bombers that drop napalm on Viet Nam, but TV series aren't made of such stuff. It is always easier to retreat to Bonanza land—in this case 19th-century Siam.

On the other hand, at 8 p.m. we may hope to get a dose of ribald relevance from *M.A.S.H.*, another show based on a film that had significant things to say.

At 8:30 p.m., still on CBS, Sandy Duncan returns. This may only be diverting froth, but personally I prefer that to NBC's *Sunday Mystery Movie* or ABC's *FBI*. This will be followed on CBS by *The New Dick Van Dyke Show* with more diversion, wholesome though. If ABC has a good movie, I'll switch.

Monday, for me, will likely start with NBC's *Laugh-In*, but I shall keep an eye on ABC's new *The Rookies*, also at 8 p.m. This one focuses on a new breed of policemen.

At nine o'clock it may be football on ABC, a movie on NBC, or it may be a good book and a dark screen. By ten, however, unless I am engrossed, I'll be looking at *The New Bill Cosby Show* on CBS.

The Bunkers' *Cousin Maude* will have my attention on Tuesday at 8 p.m. on CBS, but I may desert her now and then to watch ABC's *Temperature's Rising*. This one is supposed to find laughs in a hospital—sick humor?

At eight thirty I can either watch the movie on ABC or escape into *Hawaii Five-O*. If neither works, I will go over to NBC at 9 p.m. for *The Bold Ones*. I'll be there, but I will be irritated. When that show started, it had Hal Holbrook as the senator and Burl Ives as the lawyer—and they were part of the best of television. Both are gone now and we are left with the doctors only, the poorest segment of the original three.

At 10 p.m. on Tuesday I shall be tempted by *Marcus Welby*. The program often skirts crucial areas of health, but it does leave one with a sense of well-being which seems what a doctor should do. As I say, I shall be tempted, but if *NBC Reports*—the only prime-time news program on the air this season—can deliver, then it will

have my undivided attention. TV has the possibility of telling us what we ought to know in a format that makes us want to know. Someday a news show will find the formula and America will be the winner.

With the week half gone, I may take a Wednesday breather. But for fun and games—and perhaps an occasional bit of significance—I may watch the old *Carol Burnett Show* at 8 p.m. on CBS or the new *Paul Lynde Show* on ABC. After that, it is either ABC's movie, NBC's *Mystery Movie*, or a book. At 10 p.m. I may look in on Julie Andrews' new show on ABC or Cannon on CBS.

Thursdays at eight I shall probably start with CBS's new *The Waltons*, spun off from *The Homecoming*. If that doesn't grab me, I can always flip to Flip Wilson on NBC or *The Mod Squad* on ABC. Following that I'll check out the CBS *Thursday Night Movie*, but 10 p.m. will usually find me with *Owen Marshall* on ABC.

I feel doubly indebted to the contributions of Norman Lear and Bud Yorkin to television, and half of that indebtedness is caused by *Sanford and Son* on NBC at 8 p.m. on Friday. No need to stir from my chair at eight thirty because I want to try NBC's new show, *The Little People*, about a pediatrician in Hawaii. With all the problems of children and youth, this show could make a great contribution to our society, or it could be another cop-out. If it is the latter, then I will be over on ABC for *The Partridge Family*, and I'll stay with ABC for *Room 222* at 9 p.m. and right on through *The Odd Couple* and *Love, American Style*.

We come to my favorite, *All in the Family*, at 8 p.m. Saturdays on CBS—again with thanks to Messrs. Lear and Yorkin. Beyond that there seems to be little of Saturday-night significance, but I will stay with CBS for *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* which portrays a believable working girl and on occasion does have something to say. This is followed by the new *Bob Newhart Show*. I will stay unless NBC shows a significant film at nine.

So there it is. No doubt lots of dross, but hidden away are a number of nuggets.—David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Aug. 19, 12:30-1 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Who's Convention All About?*

Aug. 20, 5-6 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Elections '72 Preview*.

Aug. 21-23—NBC and CBS will cover afternoon and evening sessions of the Republican Convention. ABC will do a wrap-up 9:30-11 p.m., EDT.

Aug. 24, 8-10 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Olympics Preview*.

Aug. 26-Sept. 10 on ABC—*The Summer Olympics* from Munich. Check local listings for specifics.

Aug. 27, 9-10:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—Third in a five-part series on

Leonardo da Vinci. Part four—Sept. 3. Part five—Sept. 10.

Aug. 31, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Horton Hears o Wha*. A Dr. Seuss classic.

Sept. 2, 12:30-1 p.m., EDT on CBS—*The Record of the Pony Express* on *You Are There*.

Sept. 7, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*It Was o Short Summer*, Charlie Brown.

Sept. 10, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—Liza Minnelli Special: *Liza With o Z*.

Sept. 10, 9:30-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*25 Years of Television*.

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA
NAME: ELIZABETH DASS
DATE: MARCH 17, 1969
DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA
ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.
PARENTS' CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNED TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.



Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

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(Country) _____

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Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ _____.

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

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Letters

FOR SOME, THE TEEN VERSION IS BETTER

In answer to Iva Jane Frohwein of Iowa and Marvin B. Sterling of Maryland [see July *Letters*, page 46], I would remind both that on the day of Pentecost those who had gathered to await the Spirit's coming experienced the ability to "speak in tongues." They were to speak to thousands of people who had come from many countries to celebrate the Jewish Pentecost, a harvest season, and they spoke and understood only their own native tongues. Hence, the disciples, God's instruments, had to speak in several tongues to be understood.

Together is God's instrument. Its pages speak to those who must understand. And there are persons who understood the version of the Lord's Prayer presented with the Teens column in the May issue—understood it much better than they would have understood the words of the Bible.

EUNICE F. COOPER
Van Hornesville, N.Y.

YOUTH CONCERNED WITH MORE THAN GUITARS

First let me say that I do enjoy reading your religious rag. It is one of the rare instances within United Methodism that voices the opinions of various grass-roots laity. This letter is to bring to your attention some concerns of this grass-roots layman, although I am only classified as a youth.

My first concern is with the sweet, guitar-strumming, rather emotional youth that is constantly portrayed by your religious rag.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER

1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

I cringe every month I see an article showing young people doing their Jesus Freak thing. Although this definitely is a new trend, why is it given such coverage when the activities of United Methodist youth on other matters are almost ignored?

The most cutting example is that you dealt with those youth present at the 1972 General Conference the same way you dealt with the youth present at the 1970 conference. In both cases the youth were briefly mentioned and all the readers were assured that the youthful voices were heard and ardently listened to. The facts are that the youth were not listened to in Atlanta and were all but pushed out of the General Conference by being seated in the last row.

As one who sat in that last row for those two weeks, I can assure you that the youth were not heard, not allowed to speak to issues that concerned them, and were not recognized sometimes even when all 30 delegates stood in unison to gain the attention of the presiding bishop.

The other thing I wish to comment on is that in the July issue two people wrote that the translation of the Lord's Prayer into slang terms deeply distressed them. I wish these people would try to realize that although they understand the version presently used, many do not. Slang is not derogatory to someone who talks in slang language. And even if you associate this language with "unwashed, improvident, VD-infected dope addicts," do they not have a right to hear the Word of God?

Peace to all my brothers and sisters in United Methodism.

CURT DANFORTH
Framingham, Mass.

SIGNIFICANTLY UNHAPPY WITH LEADER'S DECISION

On page 22 of the July issue, you review Dr. Ezra Earl Jones's study on the church and extremism. He points out that his survey shows the United Methodist laity to be slightly to the right of center while the clergy fall slightly to the left of center. This, he says, is not necessarily bad because "he (the clergyman) must stay a little in front of the laity."

Dr. Jones then points out that local churches are "significantly unhappy with many decisions made

by national church leaders."

Dr. Jones's decision that being left of center means being out in front leaves me significantly unhappy.

PAUL BARKER
Springfield, Mo.

LAITY'S RIGHT-OF-CENTER ATTITUDES 'DISTURBING'

In a way it rather makes one ashamed to call himself a member of the United Methodist denomination. I refer to the July news report *Extremism and the Church: No Place, Yet It's There*.

It is almost unbelievable that Dr. Ezra Earl Jones's survey would indicate that about 73 percent of our laity support our government in its Viet Nam war policy. And I'm aghast that 97 percent said President Nixon has "a constructive influence."

Polls taken of the citizenry of our nation give an entirely different picture. For our church to be so far to the right of even the conservative national picture gives one pause. In fact, it's downright disturbing!

HIRAM B. HOLDRIDGE
Evanston, Ill.

CHURCH MUST BE AWARE OF OLDER PEOPLE'S NEEDS

Let me express appreciation for the very fine materials on the aging in the June issue of *Together*. I feel this series of articles will contribute a great deal to our church's awareness of the needs of older people.

I was particularly pleased with Helen Johnson's article, *Growing Old in a Youth-Oriented, Throw-Away Society* [page 29]. It is sensitive and alert to real needs of people.

VIRGINIA STAFFORD, Director
Ministries to Older Adults
United Methodist Board of Education
Nashville, Tenn.

ONLY 600 DAHLIAS THIS YEAR

I think the June number of *Together* is a wonderful issue, not just because I am mentioned in it [see *Jottings*, page 64] but because of all the other articles.

I have about half as many dahlias this year, about 600 plants. Most of them are my own introductions.

J. D. ENGLE, Ret. Minister
Lost Creek, W.Va.

SHOCKED BY REVIEW OF 'OBSCENELY VIOLENT FILM'

The review of *The Godfather* in the June issue [Films & TV, page 27] does not warn your readers of the many violent, bloody, sadistic shootings, stranglings, and beatings that are graphically shown. It is easily the most obscenely violent movie I have ever seen, and it ought to give anyone nightmares.

I was surprised that it was reviewed for *Together* and shocked that your reviewer would call it "on an esthetic level . . . one of the year's best."

MARVIN BISSELL
Newcomb, N.Y.

Although reviewer James M. Wall expressed admiration for the film's acting and direction, he also said *The Godfather* "is a disturbing and dangerous film because what it celebrates is honor among thieves." Regarding the wave of violence seen in a number of current films, including *The Godfather*, we call special attention to Leonord Freeman's article, *The Violence Makers*, on page 25 in this issue.

—Your Editors

VIOLENT FILM SEEN AS CONDEMNING VIOLENCE

I must disagree with some of James M. Wall's conclusions in his review of *The Godfather*.

I feel that director Francis Ford Coppola and author Mario Puzo's comparisons of the Mafia with big business and government did not excuse "the mob" but rather condemned the commonly accepted concepts of capitalism and statism. As a Christian, I cannot condone violence to human life, and the presentation of violence in this film only made me abhor murder more. To my mind, the film does not condone violence but points out that cruelty and brutality are basic to capitalism and to government as well as to the Mafia.

Perhaps the film's most poignant condemnation of violence takes place in a scene where Michael Corleone (portrayed by Al Pacino) stands as godfather to his nephew, reciting the words of the Catholic ceremony declaring his renunciation of Satan and all his works while his murderers wage war on other Mafia families, Michael condemns himself for his own atrocities.

DENNIS DAVID HENSLEY
Hommond, Ind.



"You're about to break the world's record for the 100 yard dash."

'HELP DAN' PROGRAM AROUSSES INTEREST

We on the drug-education committee of Capac Community Schools are interested in Mrs. Edrel A. Coleman and her HELP DAN Program for schoolchildren. [See *People*, May, page 54.]

We are trying to set up guidelines for a drug-education program in our school, and we feel Mrs. Coleman's program would be helpful. Where can we get more information?

MRS. SUSAN EBNER
Copoc, Mich.

Write to *HELP DAN, Inc.*, P.O. Box 2411, Port Charlotte, Flo. 33950.

—Your Editors

U.S. AIR POWER OR COMMUNIST BLOODLETING?

As a Christian concerned about the Viet Nam war, I was interested in Nancy H. Dillard's letter in the June issue [page 46]. Her distress at the displacement of thousands of people merits concern. However, her reason for this displacement is the use of American air power against an invading army from the north.

Let's look at the alternative to the use of air power. For this look I recommend *The Human Cost of Communism in Vietnam*, a compendium prepared for the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate.

This document is not a partisan, biased instrument to support our actions in Viet Nam. It is a

serious effort by experts to tell the truth as they see it. All are unanimous in the belief that millions of South Vietnamese would be tortured and murdered as soon as the aggressive North Vietnamese gain possession of South Viet Nam. Their reasoning is supported by past communist atrocities from Lenin to Stalin to Mao Tse-tung to Ho Chi Minh.

I urge each Christian to obtain this pamphlet for 55¢ from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

Pray for guidance as you read it. Ask God to help all of us reach a decision on what our Christian responsibilities should be. Maybe we can then determine which is the best alternative: U.S. air power or communist bloodletting.

ROY G. WARINER
Alexondria, Va.

GAMBLING MORE THAN JUST TAKING A CHANCE

In your July Letters pages Charles M. Sanders asks, "Are lotteries per se unchristian?" [see page 47]. The answer depends upon how we understand the terms used. My view is that to be Christian means to accept the principle and strive to bring into practice, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is to be as concerned for others' welfare as for our own.

Some equate gambling with taking a chance. They say that traveling on a congested highway is a gamble. In contrast, gambling is a device by which one hopes to take possession of that which belongs to another. Thus, the participation in or the encouragement of any form of gambling would be contra-Christian.

HUGH P. STODDARD
Auburn, Nebr.

ACTUALLY, LOTTERY WINNER ROBS ALL OTHER PARTICIPANTS

A number of good opinions were expressed by Alan S. Brown and the contributors to the May *Stimulus/Response* on Christians vs. lotteries. But no one touched on the crux of the issue which is, as I see it, the hoped-for robbery

of the fund which is the motive behind every single contribution.

For every \$1,000 winning a participant would have to buy a \$1 ticket every day, seven days a week, for nearly three years to become a contributor instead of a thief. For the larger winners there would be no possibility of becoming a contributor in one lifetime. Your net achievement would still be a huge robbery.

When I came to this charge, I found a sincere member buying New York state lottery tickets in the name of the church. I immediately begged him to stop (and prayed that none of the pending tickets would win). He saw the point and acted accordingly.

I cannot see how any lottery winner, of any prize, can pretend to feel that he has not stolen from all the other participants, and likewise from the fund he was pretending to support.

W. LEE CHAMBERLAIN, Pastor
Whitesville-Shongo-Stannards
United Methodist Charge
Whitesville, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA LOTTERY PROPOSED, NOT ENACTED

I feel called upon to question a statement in Alan S. Brown's article *State Lotteries: Christians Must Say No!* [May, page 41].

Mr. Brown wrote: "In California applicable taxes of the average person were reduced from \$120 to \$119 following the introduction of the lottery."

I think California has no state lottery, and I have enclosed a clipping from the Fresno Bee which I believe confirms my belief.

I should be glad to see this error corrected.

MRS. L. W. DAHLBERG
Reedley, Calif.

We are embarrassed but glad to correct it, Mrs. Dahlberg. Mr. Brown tells us that the dollar figures he cited were those which would have applied under a proposed California lottery, if it had been enacted. It was not.

—Your Editors

'CELEBRITY' IN SULPHUR SPRINGS

I am well pleased with Herman B. Teeter's comments about me in his well-written article *Not With Folded Hands* [June, page 35].

Late yesterday a couple from North Carolina called on me after having read his story. They

were on their way to California and wanted to see Sulphur Springs, the park, springs, and me.

My daughter, Pat, who is visiting here from Florida, said, "Mamma, you're a celebrity!"

MRS. BOBBIE KENNARD
Sulphur Springs, Ark.

SHE RESENTS ATTACK ON 'DEVOTIONAL DRIVEL'

I have found many helpful and inspirational articles in your magazine, but I must take exception to Bishop Gerald Kennedy's *Fiction* column in the June issue [page 62]. It was a disgrace to be given space in a religious publication.

In these days when so much we read, see, and hear is unlovely, unkind, and filled with hatred, the need is ever greater for our devotional booklets and our Bibles. So I resent Bishop Kennedy's statements against "devotional booklets that give you a page of sentimental drivel." And he adds: "I am trying now to find some way to stamp out those devotionals."

I hope all Christians will take a stand against this sort of nonsense from one of our supposed leaders.

MRS. FRED FARIS
Larned, Kans.

AN ARTICLE OF 'DEPTH, MAGNITUDE'

In the June issue, Albert C. Outler has a magnificent article, *A Third Great Awakening?* [page 51]. Rarely do we get an article of this depth and magnitude. I wish someone qualified to do so would write the gist of it in a few brief paragraphs so John Doe could fully benefit by it.

MRS. A. C. ROBINSON
El Paso, Texas

'GODSPELL' AND 'SUPERSTAR' TWO OF LIFE'S BETTER THINGS

I feel very sorry for Clark Humphrey whose letter about *Godspell* you published in the May issue [page 49]. I am also a high-school freshman, but never in all my days have I read a letter with such a one-sided attitude.

All I can wonder is, Has he seen the play? Well I have. I have been going to church since I was six weeks old, and never has anything touched me more than *Godspell*. Growing up with a father and grandfather who are both

ministers, one can have an image of Jesus as a Master. But Jesus was also a man. Both *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* show him as I believe he was. He had emotions, and if you don't believe that, read the Bible. He didn't want to die on that cross. He had so much to live for.

I feel *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* are two of the better things in life.

LIZ AMBLOR
Framingham, Mass.

THREE ISSUES BEST EVER

I have been reading *Together* since its first issue, and I think the past three issues have been the finest ever!

DAVID G. HORTIN, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Lakeland, Fla.

RING LAKE RANCH— HOW TO LEARN MORE

Could you please give me the address of Ring Lake Ranch, the Wyoming retreat which Martha A. Lane wrote about in the July issue? [See *A Place to Slow Down! See! Hear!* page 32.] It sounded like such an interesting place that I want to find out more about it.

By the way, this was the first time I had read *Together*. It's very well written and thought-provoking.

MRS. MARY A. MEYERS
Ferndale, Mich.

We've already sent the address to Mrs. Meyers, but for others who may be interested it's Box 666, Dubois, Wyo. 82513.

—Your Editors

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Teens

By DALE WHITE



*"You and my father
have a lot in common."*

"All I know is that every day I discover more and more the beauty to be found when one lives for love and in love—with the life-stream of the universe. I can't believe what a change has come over me! Jesus has really healed my wounds, my 'ailment,' and I am at peace. I've made a complete turnabout. Now when I look at people on the street or anywhere, I look with appreciation, interest, sympathy.

"Not until now did I realize how resentful I was of other people. How much anger and resentment I projected. Now my soul is set free! I'm not afraid to show my appreciation of other people. It's unbelievable how quick they are to react in a favorable way! I guess I was always afraid that they would reject my care or my interest. Now that I know God will move out ahead of me, I'm not afraid or easily hurt anymore. I practice every day, every minute, thinking of someone else for a change!

"Here's where my counselor did wonders. All those things she said to me begin to make sense. She

knew I had made a pattern of anger as my life-style. She knew that when I vented my anger, I was only multiplying it, not 'burning it out' like I thought. She also knew it would be a hard habit to break, and an even harder task of beginning again on a new path of loving and caring.

"It's such a big risk letting go of a way of life without being sure of your new one. Your heart and your soul wants to change, but your body and mind cries out, 'No, no! I'm scared!' You are afraid of the new vacuum between patterns.

"It's like, say, a man has a job. It is very hard, as we know, to find a job nowadays. His job pays enough for his meals, all his needs, and a few little pleasures. But while he is well fed and clothed, he isn't happy. He hates the job. His heart is about to burst as he sees his life passing by in a useless existence. But if he gives up this job, he might not get another one that pays enough to meet his physical needs. So his spirit cries out for freedom, but his body and mind don't dare to risk it.

"See what I mean? I was so scared to change. But now I have such amazing confidence. On the rare times I feel the old hate, I can quench it, drown it, before it grows. The joy even shows on my face. It's like my favorite Johnny Cash song: 'You've got a new light shining in your eyes. You've got a joy you never can disguise . . . You have a way about you now, that you never had before. You've got a look you're wearing now that you never wore before.'"



I am a boy, 16. At my age I can't help feeling sorry for the unfortunate men in the prisons. Many of them have turned to crime because of the wrongs done to them by society. I have read many books on crime and prisons. I have also read some of ex-warden Duffy's books. I feel I should do something for them before they get out into a strange world again.

First, at the age of 16 what can I do for these men now? Then how



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A Michigan preacher took a group of young people to sing in a prison. When they had finished, someone asked a prisoner how he liked it.

"Well," he said, "that wasn't in the sentence."

—Ernestine Finch, Nashville, Tenn.

When our daughter Frances was a little girl she brought home a mite box from Sunday school. A younger sister asked, "Why do they call it a 'mite' box?"

"Oh," Frances explained, "that's because you might put something in and you might not."

—Mrs. J. J. Frey, Berkeley, Calif.

"No, I do not repeat myself," the minister patiently explained to his parishioner. "You fell asleep during the nine o'clock service and woke up during the eleven o'clock service."

—Roger Carbaugh, Pella, Iowa

The church-school teacher suddenly, without any explanation of the song, decided to teach an old favorite to her children—*Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam*.

"What's a sunbeam?" one boy asked another afterwards.

"I think it's a hair dryer."

His friend was still bewildered.

"Why does Jesus want us for hair dryers?"

—Pearla L. Kappahn,
Bismarck, N.Dak.

Don't just laugh at the next church-related chuckle you hear. Jot it down on a postcard and send it to Together. If we use it, you'll be \$5 richer. But no stamps please; we can't return those not accepted. —Your Editors

does someone get a job in prisons where they would be in contact with the men in the prisons? Also, what kinds of jobs are there for someone who wants to help?—K.N.

Have you thought about trying to get a small task force together? Three or four adults and a few young people could form a work group to explore possibilities. You could write near-by correctional institutions, talking with the chaplains, psychologists, and other staff. They could tell you what volunteer programs are working, and let you know how you can help. They could also guide you on vocational possibilities.

One of the most popular nationwide volunteer programs is Project Misdemeanor. It gets volunteers together with young people in the early stages of their antisocial activity. It has an excellent record of turning young people away from a life of crime. Write to the Rev. John Adams, United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, 100 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D.C. 20002, for details.

So many kids have been writing about their experiences with Christ. I guess that I, too, took God, Christ, and life for granted before I moved out into the country. I went to a Youth for Christ rally one day and there I met Christ. I found out what I really was—a sinner. And Christ came into my life that night.

I went to church almost every Sunday but I never really listened to the sermons. Since I received Christ I'm eager to listen, and to read the Bible.

I guess that being out in the country I can smell, feel, and think more of God's creation. I can look at the sky during the day and see the heavy smog over the city, and I can breathe fresh air out here. In the city I couldn't see the stars if I tried. Out here I can just lie on my back and they twinkle at me.

Isn't it a wonderful world? God made this big, wide, wonderful world!! God is love!—B.K.

Dr. Kenneth Cauthen says salvation in the New Testament means joy. To be saved is to enjoy life. We sense your joy at discovering God's creation as he meant it to be, and the presence of the living Christ in the midst of that creation.

How tragic that so many young

people have to grow up in areas where the air is filthy and the stars don't shine at night. How can they sense the love of the creator God when man's greed has polluted air, water, and earth alike? I pray that your generation does not lose its zeal for ecological reform as a part of Christian witness.

I am a girl, 18. I have been going steady with this boy for over two years. At first he paid for everything when we went out. He bought me a lot of nice things, even when I told him not to.

Last year he went away to college and now he either calls or writes for me to send him money so he can do this or that.

I don't mind giving it to him because I love him and we are getting married within a few months.

But lately he makes me feel he is taking advantage of me. Am I right to feel this way? What can I do to make him understand without hurting him?—L.S.

I can see that you might be getting a little nervous. I have known so many girls to lend or give large sums of money to boys on the vague promise of marriage someday. If your relationship is solid and real, it ought to be able to survive a frank talk on the matter.

If you are engaged and working together to prepare for marriage at a definite time, your financial help could be an investment in your common future. Without that commitment, sending him money could be bad news for you, for him, and for your relationship.

I think I'm in love with one of my teachers. I know what you're thinking, that it's "puppy-love," fascination, and such. So did I, at first. It didn't even occur to me that I had any special feelings for this teacher until about two months after school started. Thinking it just some sort of "puppy-love," I thought it would go away. But nothing of the sort has happened. In fact, just the opposite—my feelings have increased.

I love to hear him talk, see the expressions on his face, watch him,



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and I'm nearly going mad. Every time he is hurt, I hurt. Each time he is disappointed or disillusioned, I suffer with him. I consoled myself that at least he'd be back next year so the summer couldn't be so bad. My only reason (even though I'm an A student) for going to school every day, even when sick, was because I knew I could then see him. But now I've learned that he won't be teaching here next year, I'll never see him again, and I don't know what to do.

Oh, I'll live, but I wonder if you can really call mere existence living. I have other interests and hobbies, but he occupies me more than any of them. Do you feel that a 16-year-old is capable of actual love—or is it something else?—B.B.

Yes, 16-year-olds are capable of actual love, as your letter shows. Sixteen-year-olds can love with great passion, and sometimes with great pain.

You should know that young love often has a lot of fantasy mixed in with it, though. Years of lonely daydreams can attach themselves to a symbolic person, and oceans of dammed-up feelings pour out toward him or her. Hopeless love can be especially powerful this way. An older person, a movie star, a distant lover can be given superhuman qualities just because the reality of daily person-to-person contact is not there.

Recognize your love as a beautiful dream. It can teach you a lot about yourself if you can keep from confusing it with the dating-courtship-marriage kind of love.

Write Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens* since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference. —Your Editors

Don't be late for school!

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BOOKS

"TO CELEBRATE the temporary is to breathe deep into your strength to plan for tomorrow. Then leave tomorrow to take care of itself and celebrate being alive today."

To those readers who respond to it, **Celebrate the Temporary** (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is an experience that has a bit of yoga about it, and a bit of encounter. Its author, Clyde Reid, has an infectious way of writing, and here he tries to get us to live in the now without sacrificing concern for the future or the reality of the past.

Religious enterprises are expected to be reasonable, rational, courteous, responsible, restrained, and receptive to outside consideration.

They are expected to be democratic and gentle in their internal affairs, responsive to the needs of men, willing to work cooperatively with other groups in meeting these needs—and unwilling to let dogmatism, judgmental moralism, or obsessions with cultic purity stand in the way.

All this is a sure recipe for failure, says Dean M. Kelley in **Why Conservative Churches Are Growing** (Harper & Row, \$6.95). It is the sectarian and theologically conservative churches that are growing by leaps and bounds today, he points out, while the membership of main-line churches, including The United Methodist Church, is declining equally dramatically.

The groups that are flourishing aren't "reasonable," aren't "tolerant," aren't "ecumenical," according to Mr. Kelley. They try to impose uniformity of belief and practice by censorship, heresy trials, and the like. Often they refuse to recognize the validity of other churches' teachings, ordinations, or sacraments. Some of them observe unusual rituals and peculiar dietary customs. The pattern is commitment, discipline, missionary zeal, absolutism, conformism, and fanaticism.

Once Methodists were strict, according to Mr. Kelley, who is a United Methodist minister now on the staff of the National Council of Churches. Rejected by the established church, meeting in private homes, they sang and prayed together, confessed their sins, and encouraged each other in righteousness. Class leaders had the duty of looking after the moral progress of the others and admonishing or cautioning each one personally each week.

But where our fathers used to ask and answer the question "How are things with your soul?" the average member of today's mainline congregation not only wouldn't know how to reply, he'd be overcome with embarrassment.

Mr. Kelley doesn't see much hope for renewed

growth of the main-line groups, although he expects them to continue existing for a long time. And he says that they may spawn new movements that may have vital effects on human life—if they are strict enough. He doesn't see any decline, however, in the human need to make sense out of existence and find meaning in life. Man, Mr. Kelley says, is incorrigibly religious.

We really don't know how to achieve predictable change—and much that we do know doesn't work, says urban affairs expert Lyle E. Schaller in a refreshingly clear-eyed and practical paperback. **The Change Agent** (Abingdon, \$2.95) considers the strategy of innovative leadership and all aspects of the process of change, and Dr. Schaller does this by using a lot of examples. Thus, *The Change Agent* is much more interesting reading than most books on social processes.

Life-long Christians and secularists alike are bewildered by the fervent belief in Jesus that has swept many thousands of young people, hippies and members of the drug culture among them. Taking the gospel literally, these euphoric new



To Celebrate the Temporary is to take time to taste bread, to smell it, touch it, chew it slowly, think about the life it brings.

Christians are both appealing and frightening in their intensity.

The Jesus Movement, of course, embraces numerous viewpoints. Two West Coast college professors and a graduate student, all with evangelical backgrounds, try to put them all together in *The Jesus People: Old-Time Religion in the Age of Aquarius* (Eerdmans, \$5.95, cloth; \$2.95, paper).

Ronald Enroth, Edward E. Ericson, and C. Breckinridge Peters report as of the fall of 1971. In summation they found good in the movement's concern for finding meaning in life through the God of the Bible, and in the Jesus People's joy and zeal in Christian service. But they say quite frankly that they disapprove of what they feel is the movement's simplistic mentality, excessive emphasis on experience and feeling, and bias against intellectual pursuits, social involvement, and human culture in general.

Psychiatrist Robert Coles has been studying, traveling, interviewing, and above all listening to the poor of America since the late 1950s. With *Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers* and *The South Goes North* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, each \$12.50) we now have volumes two and three of *Children of Crisis*, in which the voices of the underprivileged and disadvantaged continue to ring out.

Dr. Coles is working now on a fourth volume, which will be concerned with the Mexican-Americans and Indians of the Southwest. The first volume dealt with the poor of Mississippi.

Proclaiming the United States' participation in International Book Year, 1972, President Richard Nixon cautioned that "... the right to read requires more than just the availability of books. It also requires the ability to read. In spite of our commitment to the concept of universal education, millions of our citizens are still so deficient in reading skills that the covers of books are closed to them."

Teaching the illiterate to read is an urgent task for America. But in most schools throughout the Third World even one book for a classroom is a luxury, and it is closing the "book gap" between the highly developed and developing countries that is the main objective of International Book Year.

UNICEF, in cooperation with UNESCO, is helping in a variety of projects aimed at getting more books into the hands of children and adolescents in the developing countries.

It is supplying paper for textbooks

Fiction



READ Burt Hirschfeld's *FATHER PIG* (Arbor House, \$6.95) without ever hearing anything about it or knowing what to expect. I was somewhat intrigued by Robert Bloch, the author of *Psycho*, saying that this book "takes you to where it's at."

The story begins with the attempt of a young man to kill the father of Eva. This sets the father on a search for his daughter whom he cannot find. She has just disappeared from Columbia, and along with Kenneth, Steven, Ray, and Jordan, she masterminds the decision to kill their parents. It is a real chiller. In several cases they succeed and out of the jungle of modern civilization, in New York City, in California, and in Las Vegas, they make their plans and follow their victims.

That there are young people who are foolish enough to believe that the killing of a few parents will change things markedly in the world, I have no doubt. That they represent the spirit of the new generation, I do not believe. As a terrible story of what can happen and as a revelation of parents whose lives become cheap and tawdry, there is enough truth to carry the weird plot. But to imply that this is where we have come in children's real attitudes toward their parents is utter nonsense.

This book came to me when I was ill for a few days and I found it hard to put down. It is excellent reading for convalescents, but it misses the mark a mile when it suggests that this is a serious sociological study of the young people in the '70s.

So, if you must, read this book as an interesting murder yarn but do not quote it as a revelation for a new reality.

S.R.O. by Robert Deane Pharr (Doubleday, \$7.95) made me think first of all of the days when we used

to go down to the opera in New York City and have standing room only. But it stands for "single residence occupancy" and tells the story of the people in a hotel in Harlem.

There is scarcely one admirable character in the whole story. They live on dope; they are prostitutes; they are sexual deviates, and you may ask why should a book like that be mentioned in *Together*. Well, that was my reaction also until suddenly it dawned on me that these people are the kind that Jesus welcomed. They are all individuals with their weaknesses, but here and there is a bright spot and some human hopefulness. The man who tells this story finally discovers that he can write. That saves him. He was a wino.

I do not recommend this book for the Sunday-school library, but if you are a mature Christian and not easily shocked, it will give a picture of life and people that most of us know nothing about from experience.

I cannot claim this is a great book which you ought to read. I can only say that it is a truly human document on life much worse than we can imagine. Through it all I came to see people usually despised and rejected (and we would say rightly so) who have bright spots of humanity shining through the darkness of their living.

The conviction became clear and sharp to me that our Lord met such sinners and loved them. To realize that this, too, represents a part of our society will be good for every man who assumes that America is not like this. If you want nothing to do with this kind of life, take my word for the truth about it in this book. If you are up to it, go ahead.

—Gerald H. Kennedy
Retired Bishop
The United Methodist Church

in Indonesia, and books for primary schools there are being turned out at the rate of 850,000 a month.

Throughout the developing countries reading lessons are combined with teaching basic health and nutritional principles. In several Latin American countries a primer called *Nuestra Huerta Escolar* (Our School Garden) gives children basic information on growing foods. A similar book produced with UNICEF aid in Tanzania outlines the importance and uses of soybeans.

Teachers and children in Uganda and Thailand are making their own books, and classroom libraries boasting several dozen handmade books are not uncommon.

In Hong Kong the Jaycees have gotten together with UNICEF to provide several mobile libraries. Each of these libraries on wheels can carry 10,000 books and magazines.

Books for blind youngsters in the Philippines and Thailand are the result of cooperative work by UNICEF and the American Foundation for the Overseas Blind.

In all, UNICEF is working with 77 countries in a wide variety of education projects.

President Nixon's proclamation called for improvement in the free flow of information within and across national boundaries and said that during International Book Year the United States is joining other countries in considering adherence to the 1971 revisions of the Universal Copyright Convention.

Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre's panoramic *O Jerusalem!* (Simon and Schuster, \$10) is a day-by-day, person-by-person account of the fierce drama that took place in 1948 when Jews and Arabs fought each other for the city that has so much significance to three great religions. It is basic reading on the Middle East.

Another book that came out about the same time has been overshadowed by it, but deserves equal attention. This is *The New 100 Years War: The Arab-Israeli Conflict* (Doubleday, \$7.95), which is Chicago *Daily News* award-winning correspondent Georgie Anne Geyer's personal story of her own experiences behind both sides of today's battle lines. Pay no attention to rather sexy picture of Miss Geyer on the back of the jacket. She is a hard-nosed journalist with a brilliant mind. If her book also happens to be a sometimes amusing record of the things a woman runs into when she covers a war, so much the better.

In contrast to these two accounts

giving compassionate views of both sides, there is *The Unholy Land* (Devin-Adair, \$5.95), an equally readable book in which Canadian editor A. C. Forrest charges Israel with inhuman crimes against the Arabs. Dr. Forrest, who is editor of the *United Church Observer*, is uncompromisingly partisan on the Arab side.

Christian churches in Asia, Africa, and other areas of the third world are experiencing new life, says *New York Times* correspondent Edward Fiske in *World in Review* (Rand McNally, \$4.95, paper; \$6.95, cloth). Contrasting this with the dwindling interest young people of the Western World are showing in traditional religious institutions, he even envisions a day when black Christians will send missionaries to Europe.

World in Review is an information-packed book written by various *Times* correspondents and edited by Lester Markel, *Times* Sunday editor for 42 years. A generous use of maps adds to its value as a reference on the world as it is today.

Vitality and balance are the words that best characterize what United Methodists believe, according to Mack B. Stokes. He is the author of *Major United Methodist Beliefs* (Abingdon, \$1), a lively paperback for laymen that was revised and enlarged late in 1971.

This summary of beliefs that are distinctly United Methodist as well as those that are held in common with other denominations refutes the charge that theology has to be ponderous and abstruse. I am sure that Dr. Stokes could write that way—for other theologians—because he is associate dean and Parker professor of systematic theology at the Candler School of Theology as well as director of the division of religion in the graduate school of Emory University. In this simple and appealing little book, however, he has not done so. And that is very lucky for us.

When Ethel Waters was starring on Broadway in *The Member of the Wedding*, critics called her one of America's four top-ranking actresses, but since 1957 this magnificently warm and talented singer-actress has sung only for the Lord.

She tells about this new life as a member of the Billy Graham crusade team in *To Me It's Wonderful* (Harper & Row, \$5.95). Eugenia Price and Joyce Blackburn, who helped her in the writing, say that while many of the people in her new audiences don't know about her theatrical star-

dom, hundreds of old fans follow her wherever there is a Graham crusade, just for a glimpse of "Mom" and a treasured chance to hear her again.

That vast area of Central Asia bounded on the north by wastelands stretching to the ice-locked Arctic and on the south and west by the towering peaks of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush roughly comprises present-day Siberia and Mongolia.

A land of arid plains and plateaus, it was peopled, until modern times, by fierce nomadic tribes whose forays into Europe and into other parts of Asia helped shape the history of China, Southeast Asia, Russia, Greece, Rome, the Islamic world, Gaul, and Spain.

Stuart Legg traces the history of these people in *The Heartland* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95). It is an absorbing book about a part of the world where today China and Russia face each other across troubled boundaries.

"These are some of the more important things I wish I had included in the letters I have written to my children," June Parker Goldman says of her short essays in *Search Every Corner* (Abingdon, \$2.95).

Now she has said them, and said them well. Firmly based in the Christian faith, her philosophy is expressed in fresh, highly personal style.

If you've thought about buying a book for a young person recently, and then have walked silently away from the counter when you saw the prices, do not despair. Some of the best juvenile books of recent years are available now in paperback.

One such paperback line is Harper Trophy Books. You need to be discriminating here because these are for different levels of maturity, but among them you can find stories for pre-teens up to mature young people.

In *The Wicked City* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50) master storyteller Isaac Bashevis Singer gives young folks a fictional version of the story of Lot and his family, and the destruction of Sodom.

Mr. Singer tells it well, and Leonard Everett Fisher's illustrations are strong, but you may not want your children to have this attractive book. The narrative doesn't agree with the record in our Old Testament.

—Helen Johnson

raw love

is one element few people can take in its pure form. So there is a peculiar band who specialize in the distribution of this commodity. They are called Christians. And the art and science of this distribution process is the subject of an unusual cassette tape (RAP #5) by Dennis Benson.

RAP #5 is a part of two series of unique multimedia programs for religious education. One series is called RAP; the other is called SOS (Switched on Scripture).

Both series have six imaginative tapes packed with enough material for six sessions of study. Each tape is \$7.95. A complete set of six cassette tapes (either RAP or SOS) with a vinyl binder can now be purchased for only \$39.95. The binders are available separately for \$4.50.

RAP

The RAP series probes the various moral and ethical problems of modern life. Here are the titles and topics:

- RAP #1 HANG TIGHT or *Tension*
- RAP #2 FLIP-FLOP or *Change*
- RAP #3 POPULLUTION or *The Environmental Challenge*
- RAP #4 LIVING HIGH or *The Drug Problem*
- RAP #5 RAW LOVE or *The Hard, Cold Truth About a Little Understood Fact of Life*
- RAP #6 UP THE ESTABLISHMENT or *How to Sell the Body for the Daily Bread While Keeping the Soul Pure and Unmortgaged*

SOS

The SOS series is designed to bring Bible study into the electronic age:

- SOS #1 DDT (*Daring-Delightful-Threatening*) or *Acts: Part I*
- SOS #2 COD (Christians on Demand) or *Acts: Part II*
- SOS #3 WHALE TALE or *Jonah*
- SOS #4 YIN-YANG or *1st John*
- SOS #5 JAMES or *Faith That Works*
- SOS #6 PSALM TWENTY-THREE or *The Valley of the Shadow Trip*

GAMING

Rather than buying a boxed simulation game which may not fit your particular group situation, why not create your own?! Dennis Benson makes the venture fun and exciting with this strange book which includes two 33 1/3 LPs as part of the format. He explains how to design the games, how to organize, and how to evaluate the results. The possibilities are limited only by your imagination. \$5.95



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Jottings

Now that the days dwindle down to September, our summer wanderlust is satiated and the family car is back in the driveway where it belongs. For a while at least we are deaf to the lure of faraway places. (It first hit us a long time ago while we bounced around in the back seat of Father's 1921 model-T on a 45-mile trip that took all day and included two flat tires and several "high centers" on a washed-out mountain road.)

We must assume that the call of faraway places (not nearly so far away as they used to be) likewise has become somewhat muted for William E. Gruber, author of *On the Death of Eagles* [page 28]. Also it would appear that he is avoiding crowded beaches like the one he describes in his article.

"I taught a year in Germany, spent two years in the U.S. Marines, and worked on newspapers in this country and Australia," Mr. Gruber tells us. "Now my wife and I have moved to an old homestead 20 miles from the nearest town where, among other things, it is still possible to listen to the silence."

The same wanderlust got to Leonard Freeman [see his *The Violence Makers*, page 25] back in 1967, not long before he became an Episcopal priest in the diocese of Newark, N.J.

"I decided (in 1967) that it was now or never to see the world and get out of the 'process.' So I left seminary after a summer of clinical training at San Quentin prison and proceeded to spend a year in Europe and the Middle East . . ."

His year of travel, by the way, cost him only \$700.

"I came back thinner to say the least, but I spent Christmas in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, four months in Israel . . . and two weeks living in the Vatican with some chance acquaintances . . ."

It was a glorious year, he adds, even if he had to spend quite a few nights sleeping on top of radiators in railroad stations.

This issue, of course, has its share of armchair travelers. Notable among them are the stamp collectors we tell about in *In Search of Methodist Gold*. The two-page color illustration [38-39] was laid out with more enthusiasm than usual by *Together's* art editor, Robert C. Goss, who happens to be an ardent collector himself.

Bob's hobby began when he was a boy, and ended temporarily when Uncle Sam called him into service.



"Before I left, I gave my collection away," Bob says, "because I didn't think I'd come back from the war."

But he came back to begin his present collection 15 years ago.

Now he has accumulated some 20,000 stamps in many categories. (He provided some of the Methodist-related stamps reproduced in this issue.)

Because he is an artist interested in design and color, Bob believes the general run of foreign stamps is superior to most issued by the United States, but he thinks this country is beginning to catch up.



Since he joined our staff nearly 15 years ago, George P. Miller has taken thousands of photographs in all parts of the country. It is rare that he brings back a picture of himself. But until recently he had never ridden a motorcycle. He took his first solo jaunt while covering Preacher Bob's Cycle Club in Washington state [see this month's cover and pages 30-33].

"I didn't take any of the jumps, of course," Mr. Miller says. "But I did get a big kick out of riding that thing around the track."

To support his story, here's a picture of our picture editor astride a borrowed cycle. We assure you this really is George Miller, although some of us here in the office hardly recognized him wearing a helmet instead of the cap that has become something of a Miller trademark in recent years.

—Your Editors

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The first day of school is hard on a mother.

First Good-bye

You stand beside this little man,
This eager, grown-up, six-year-old,
And recollect the in-between
That hurried him to this threshold.

He coos, he gurgles, jabbbers, talks;
He rolls, he creeps, he crawls, then walks.
From kiddie car he graduates,
To wagon, scooter, roller skates.

The rattle box falls by the way,
The building blocks have had their day.
Crayons and cutouts take their place,
And comprehension shapes his face.

So give him books, unclasp his hand;
Your fears, not his, you must command.
Since tears would only stay his wings,
You smile, and wave your apron strings.

—Madeleine Laeuffer

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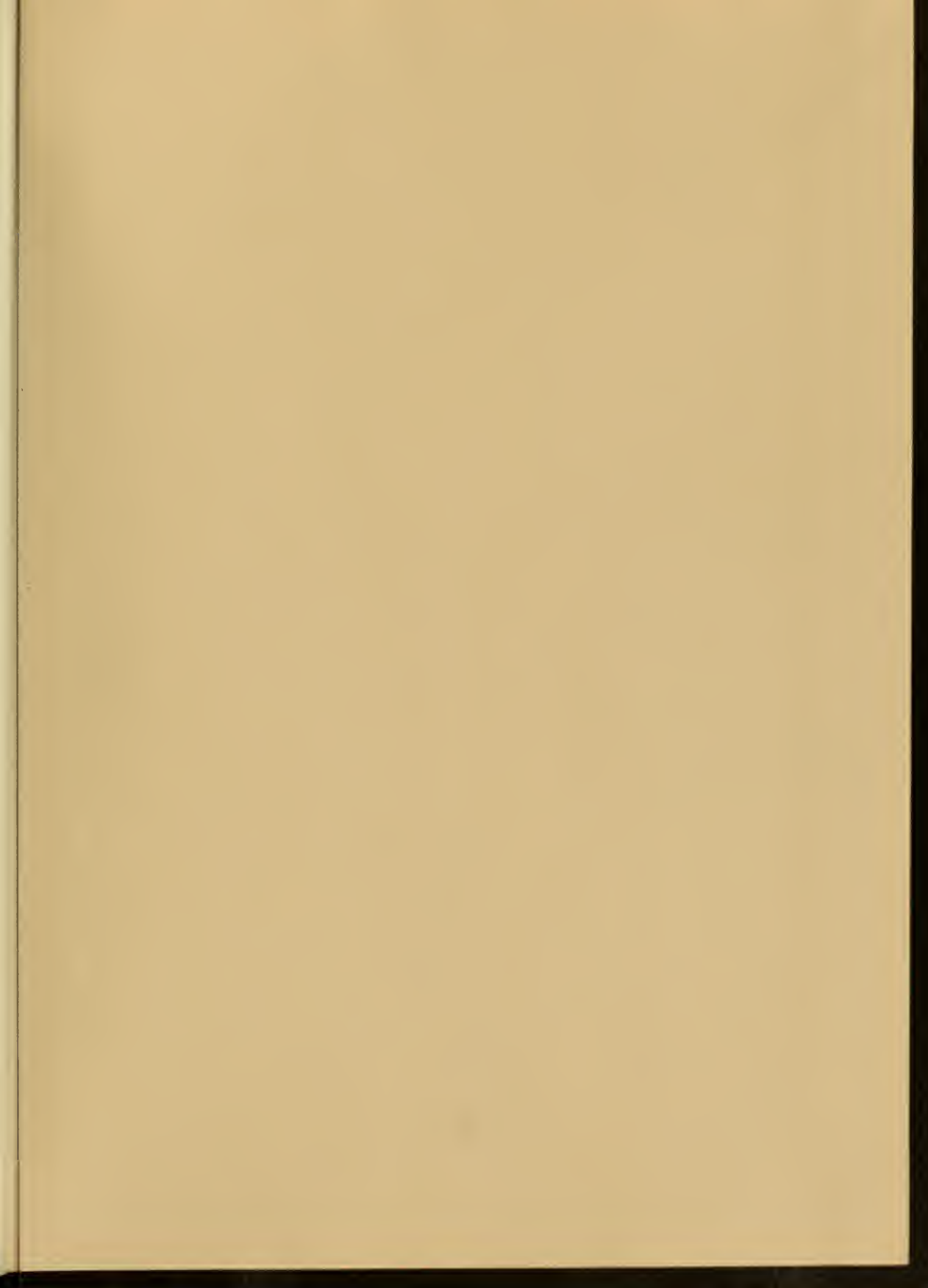
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